March 13, 1989

TOTAL RECALL

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1 EXT. MARS RED ROCK DESERT (DREAM SEQ.#1) - DAY

RED! A vacant, epic expanse of glowing crimson.

TWO MOONS rise into frame, floating over the jagged peaks of distant mountains. We are PANNING DOWN to the endless red plains of MARS.

2 EXT. MARS RED ROCK DESERT (DREAM SEQ.#1) - DAY

The setting sun FLARES into the lens, and suddenly we're at the RIM OF A CANYON. GLOVED HANDS reach up and grip the edge. DOUGLAS QUAID, a powerful figure heaves himself onto the plateau. He wears a space suit.

A SECOND CLIMBER surmounts the ledge -- a WOMAN, curvaceous, graceful. Quaid helps her up. They stand next to each other and gaze at A PYRAMID-SHAPED MOUNTAIN which is reflected in their visors.

Quaid and the Woman turn to each other. His chiseled features are now visible. We still see only her dark hair and eyes.

They move closer, closer, as if to kiss, when...CLICK. Their visors bump apart.

Quaid smiles, then moves away. She watches him go.

3 EXT. MARS RED ROCK DESERT (DREAM SEQ.#1) - DAY

Quaid walks from the precipice down a gradual slope. The ground gives way underneath him. He falls. His visor hits a rock. A small crack spreads, and the visor blows out.

Quaid starts to decompress. HHHHNh! His breath is drawn out. His face puffs up. Veins stand out in his skin. His eyes bulge. His tongue protrudes. His nose and eyelids bleed.

The woman rushes to him. She kneels down over him. They clasp hands. His eyes explo...

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6 INT. QUAID'S BEDROOM - DAY

Quaid wakes up in bed, sweaty and panting.

A beautiful woman wakes up next to him. She's not the brunette from before, but a stunning blonde amazon -- LOR

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

LORI
Doug? are you all right?

He's still disoriented.

LORI (CONT'D)
You were dreaming.

Quaid starts to come back to reality. Lori presses a button and opaque walls dissolve into transparent windows. WHITE LIGHT gradually fills the dark room, and the city becomes visible outside.

LORI (CONT'D)
Was it about Mars?

Quaid nods, troubled. Lori wipes the sweat from his brow.

LORI (CONT'D)
Poor baby. This is getting to be an obsession.

Lori caresses him, comforting, then erotic.

LORI (CONT'D)
Is that better?

QUAID
Mmmm.

Her lips dwell on his muscular chest. He starts to relax.

LORI
(non-chalant)
Was she there?

Amused, Quaid plays dumb.

QUAID
Who?

LORI
The one you told me about.

QUAID
(laughs)
I don't believe it...You're jealous of a dream!

Lori punches Quaid in the stomach, and they wrestle playfully but rough.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

LORI
Who is she?

QUAID
Nobody.

LORI
What's her name?

QUAID
I don't know.

LORI
Tell me!

Lori straddles Quaid, and he laughs so hard he can't defend himself.

LORI
It's not funny, Doug. You dream about her every night.

QUAID
But I'm always home by morning.

Quaid grabs Lori's wrists and immobilizes her in the infamous pretzel grip.

LORI
Let me go!

QUAID
Aw, come on, baby...<u>You're</u> the girl of my dreams.

She stops resisting.

LORI
...You mean it?

QUAID
You know I do.

Quaid lets her go, and Lori entwines him in her long, athletic legs.

LORI
I'll give you something to dream about.

7 INT. QUAID'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

TWO LARGE BANANAS are liquified as they pass through a juicer into a half-gallon pitcher.

Dressed for heavy construction work, Quaid makes the POWER SHAKE to end all power shakes. He grinds up fruits, vegetables, nuts, wheat germ, leftovers, several kinds of powder. He pours in a dozen shelled eggs--glubglubglub--from a carton. Then he mixes it all together in a forty-horsepower blender. ZEEEEEEEE!

Meanwhile, The NEWS drones in the background.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
On the war front, Northern Block satellites incinerated a shipyard in Bombay, starting a fire that swept throughout the city. Civilian casualties are estimated to exceed ten thousand. The Chairman defended the attack, calling space-based weapons the only effective defense against the Southern Block's numerical superiority.

Quaid gulps down his breakfast directly from his jumbo pitcher and walks over to the flat, wall-sized HIGH DEFINITION TELEVISION.

NEWSCASTER
And more violence last night on Mars...

Quaid lowers the pitcher and watches with attention.

ON TV, FIREFIGHTERS put out a blaze at a MINE as ARMORED SOLDIERS brutally beat back a crowd of MINERS. The Mine is enclosed under a glass "DOME".

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)(CONT'D)
...where terrorists demanding independence once again halted extraction of turbinium ore.

Lori comes out of the bathroom and walks behind Quaid to the kitchen. She tensely watches the news as she makes her breakfast.

In a small corner of the TV screen, we see a STILL PHOTO OF VILOS COHAAGEN, a middle-aged man of commanding presence and obvious intelligence.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
With one mine already closed, Mars Administrator Vilos Cohaagen vowed that troops would be used, if necessary, to keep production at full capacity.

As the INSERT OF COHAAGEN expands to fill the screen, Lori presses the remote control. BONK. The TV screen transforms into an ENVIRONMENTAL WINDOW that look out onto a virgin forest.

LORI
No wonder you have nightmares. You're always watching the news.

Quaid and Lori sit down and eat breakfast.

QUAID
Lori...

LORI
Yeah, sweetheart?

QUAID
Let's do it.

LORI
Do what?

QUAID
Move to Mars.

She stops buttering the bread.

LORI
Honey, do you have to spoil a perfectly wonderful morning.

QUAID
Just think about it.

LORI
(exasperated, but sweet)
Sweetheart, we've been through this a million times. You'd hate it on Mars. It's dry; it's ugly; it's boring! --I mean, really, a revolution could break out there any minute.

QUAID
Cohaagen says it's just a few extremists.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

LORI
And you believe him?

QUAID
All right, forget it.

Quaid clicks on the remote control. The FOREST PRIMEVAL is replaced by a...PRESS CONFERENCE ON THE TELEVISION.

COHAAGEN
Absolutely not. Mars was colonized by the Northern Block at enormous expense. Our entire war effort depends on their turbinium.

Lori straddles Quaid seductively, obscuring his view.

LORI
Maybe we should take a trip.

QUAID
Lori, move.

LORI
There's lots nicer places than Mars.

COHAAGEN
...and it's ridiculous to think we're going to give it away just because a bunch of lazy mutants think they own the planet.

LORI
Don't you wanna see Saturn? Everybody says it's gorgeous.

Quaid stretches to see around Lori. She playfully leans with him.

REPORTER
Any comment, sir, on the rumor you closed the Pyramid Mine because you found alien artifacts inside?

Cohaagen and the reporters all chuckle.

LORI
We could take one of those lonnng space cruises with nothing to do.

Lori traps him into a lonnng kiss.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

COHAAGEN
Bob, I wish we could find some nice alien artifacts. Our tourist industry could use a boost... -- But the fact is, it's Mr. Kuato and his terrorists who spread these rumors, to undermine trust in the government.

Back to the studio.

NEWSCASTER
That's it for the news. Stay tuned for Christine and the weather.

COMMERCIAL for American Express: "Don't leave Earth without it."

Lori finally ends the kiss.

LORI
Well...?

QUAID
I'm late.

Quaid trudges to the door, discouraged. Concerned, Lori catches him before he can leave.

LORI
Sweetheart...I know it's hard being in a new town, but let's at least give it a chance here. Okay?

QUAID
Lori, don't you understand? I want to do something with my life.--I want to be somebody.

Lori strokes his cheek and looks into his eyes adoringly.

LORI
You are somebody. You're the man I love.

Quaid hugs Lori hard, grateful for her love and support, but he's still, somehow, unsatisfied. They kiss good-bye, and Lori watches him head down the hallway to work.

LORI (CONT'D)
Have a nice day.

8 EXT. QUAID'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Quaid walks with fellow tenants out of his building.

9 EXT. THE COMMONS - DAY

Quaid joins the bustling crowd of school children and commuters who scurry like ants in all directions through the central plaza/transportation hub of this futuristic community.

Quaid follows signs down to the Subway.

10 INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY 1

People bustle past a CRIPPLED FIDDLER playing in a busy corridor. Quaid approaches him, slides his MONEY CARD into a small electronic "CASH" REGISTER, and punches a few numbers. The register totes up his contribution, raising the running total.

11 INT. SUBWAY STATION - SECURITY LOBBY - DAY 1

Commuters file past wall-sized PANELS. On the other side, GUARDS screen them for concealed weapons. PAN with Quaid as he approaches the checkpoint.

BEHIND X-RAY PANEL as Quaid passes behind the X-ray panel, he and other commuters become WALKING SKELETONS. A few steps later, the skeletons emerge from behind the screen, opaque human beings once again.

12 INT. SUBWAY STATION - SECURITY LOBBY/ESCALATORS - DAY 1

WIDE SHOT: Quaid and commuters leave the Security Area and board escalators that lead to the subway platforms.

13 INT. SUBWAY STATION - SUBWAY PLATFORM/TRAIN - DAY 1

IN A CROWD, Quaid moves forward, one sardine among many, and boards a subway car.

14 INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY 1

The doors close behind him and Quaid walks to the side where TV COMMERCIALS play on a row of flat MONITORS.

ON TV, A CABBIE, in an old-fashioned checkered cap, turns to the back seat and addresses the CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 1

JOHNNY
Thanks for taking JohnnyCab. I hope you enjoyed the ride.

This commercial ends, and the next one begins.

A HAPPY FELLOW lies next to a SEXPOT on a round bed. The bedroom is under a glass dome at the bottom of the ocean. Outside, colorful fish swim around .

NARRATOR (O.S.)
Do you dream of a vacation at the bottom of the ocean...

JUMP CUT: The Fellow now appears in a poverty level apartment, alone, surrounded by a pile of bills.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
...but you can't float the bill?

A SOPHISTICATED WOMAN skis to a stop next to a flock of penguins.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
Would you like to ski Antarctica...

JUMP CUT: The same woman, now in an office, is surrounded by ten employees, all demanding decisions.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
...but you're snowed under with work?

A SPORTSMAN in a space suit climbs up the pyramidal mountain from Quaid's dream.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
Have you always wanted to climb the mountains of Mars...

JUMP CUT: The Sportsman is now an OLD MAN creeping up a STAIRCASE.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
...but now you're over the hill? --Then come to Rekall, Incorporated...

STAIRCASE REFLECTED IN PUPIL OF EYE

Rapid PULLBACK to FACE OF DR. EDGEMAR, a professional gentleman. He is the narrator we've been hearing.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

DR. EDGEMAR
...where you can buy the memory of your ideal vacation, cheaper, safer, and better than the real thing.

Discover Dr. Edgemar ON A BEACH at SUNSET. He walks over to a Rekall IMPLANT CHAIR, floating over the water, and sits down.

DR. EDGEMAR
So don't let life pass you by. Call Rekall: For the memory of a lifetime.
(jingle)
Reeeeeeekallll... RekallRekallRekall

As a CHORUS OF SIRENS chant dreamily, Dr. Edgemar opens his cupped hands. A butterfly flutters out.

SUPERIMPOSE Rekall LOGO and a twelve-digit PHONE NUMBER.

Quaid is intrigued.

15 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

GRRRRRRRR!! Futuristic DRILLHAMMERS grind a concrete surface to bits.

Quaid's taut muscles glisten with sweat as he and several WORKERS excavate a rocky building site. The others struggle to control the powerful tool, but Quaid wields his drillhammer like an artist, working twice as fast with half the effort.

Quaid shouts at HARRY, a middle-aged buddy with a beer belly, likeable face, and Brooklyn accent.

QUAID
Hey, Harry! You ever heard of Rekall?

HARRY
Rekall?

QUAID
They sell fake memories.

HARRY
Oh yeah..."RekallRekallRekall.",
(stops drilling)
You thinkin' of goin' there?

Quaid also takes a break, leaning on his drillhammer, which HISSES in neutral.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

QUAID
I don't know. Maybe.

HARRY
Well don't.

Quaid is surprised, even challenged, by the intensity of Harry's reaction.

QUAID
Why not?

HARRY
A friend of mine tried one of their "special offers"...Nearly got himself lobotomized.

QUAID
No shit...

HARRY
Don't fuck with your brain, pal. It ain't worth it.

Harry and Quaid rev up their hammers.

QUAID
I guess you're right.

They resume drilling.

16 EXT. REKALL BUILDING - DAY 1

Quaid walks through an almost desolate plaza and enters through the glass doors.

17 INT. REKALL BUILDING/LOBBY - DAY 1

Quaid walks to the CONSOLE in the center of the floor.

CLOSE ON: COMPUTER DIRECTORY as Quaid selects REKALL, INC. from a long list of names. The screen displays the location and personnel.

18 INT. REKALL RECEPTION - DAY 1

CLOSE ON: A YOUNG WOMAN'S HANDS. A white stylus touches each fingernail, and red pigment instantly saturates the entire surface. RACK FOCUS to Quaid, who enters in the background.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 1

TIFFANY, a bored, ornamental receptionist hides her paraphernalia and greets Quaid. She sits in front of a large REKALL LOGO.

TIFFANY
(big smile)
Good afternoon. Welcome to Rekall.

QUAID
I have an appointment--Douglas Quaid.

Tiffany checks a schedule and finds his name.

TIFFANY
Just a minute, Mr. Quaid.

Tiffany speaks to a salesman on the VIDEO INTERCOM. We see him on the screen.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Bob, Douglas Quaid is here to see you.
(listens, hangs up)
It'll just be a minute.

Quaid ambles around the room, perusing VIDEO TRAVEL POSTERS for imaginary vacations. Tiffany watches him with interest. A moment later, BOB McCLANE enters. He's a former high school jock.

MCCLANE
Doug...Bob McClane. Good to meet ya.
Right this way.

McClane shakes Quaid's hand and leads him away. Meanwhile, Tiffany diffidently changes the color of her fingernails again with a touch of the stylus.

19 INT. MCCLANE'S OFFICE AT REKALL - DAY 1

McClane ushers Quaid into a stylishly decorated room.

MCCLANE
Have a seat, sit down, make yourself comfortable.

Quaid lowers himself into a sleek, futuristic chair. McClane sits behind his desk.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)
Now remind me--you wanted a memory of...?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

QUAID
Mars.

MCCLANE
(unenthusiastic)
Right. Mars.

QUAID
That a problem?

MCCLANE
Honestly, Doug, if outer space is your thing, I think you'd be much happier with one of our Saturn cruises. Everybody raves about 'em.

QUAID
(irritated)
I'm not interested in Saturn. I said Mars.

MCCLANE
Okay, okay. You're the boss--Just hold on a second while I...

McClane types on his computer keyboard, and figures come up on his screen.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)
All right...Our basic Mars package goes for just eight hundred and ninety-nine credits. That's for two full weeks of memories, complete in every detail. --A longer trip'll run you a little more, cause you need a deeper implant.

QUAID
What's in the two week package?

MCCLANE
First of all, Doug, when you go Rekall, you get nothing but first class memories: private cabin on the shuttle; deluxe suite at the Hilton; plus all the major sights: Mount Pyramid, the Grand Canals...
(leers)
Venusville.

QUAID
How real does it seem?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

MCCLANE
As real as any memory in your head.

QUAID
Don't bullshit me.

MCCLANE
I'm telling you, Doug, your brain won't know the difference. Guaranteed, or your money back.

QUAID
What about the guy you lobotomized...Did he get a refund?

MCCLANE
(nervous laugh)
That's ancient history, Doug. Nowadays, traveling with Rekall is safer than getting on a rocket.
(types)
Look at the statistics.

Numbers and graphs appear on the monitor.

MCCLANE
Besides, a real holiday's a big pain in the butt: lost luggage, lousy weather, crooked taxi drivers. You go with Rekall, everything's perfect. --So whaddaya say?

Quaid ponders his decision.

QUAID
All right.

MCCLANE
Smart move.
(types)
Now while you fill out the questionnaire, I'll familiarize you with some of our options.

QUAID
No options.

MCCLANE
Whatever you say...Just answer one question. What's the same about every vacation you ever took?

Quaid fills out the questionnaire on his video screen.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3) 1

QUAID
I give up.

MCCLANE
You. You're the same.
(pauses for effect)
No matter where you go, there you are.
Always the same old you.
(grins enigmatically)
So, what I want to suggest, Doug, is that you take a little vacation from yourself. It's the latest thing in travel. We call it an "Ego Trip".

QUAID
I'm really not interested.

MCCLANE
You're gonna love this. --We offer you a choice of alternate identities during your trip.

McClane pre-empts Quaid's questionnaire on the video monitor with CLOSE ON: the following list.

A-14 MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY
A-15 SPORTS HERO
A-16 INDUSTRIAL TYCOON
A-17 SECRET AGENT

MCCLANE (O.S.)
Come on, Doug, really. Why be a tourist on Mars when you can be a playboy, or a famous jock, or a....

QUAID
Secret agent...How much is that?

MCCLANE
Aaah, let me tantalize you. You're a top operative, back under deep cover on your most important mission. People are trying to kill you left and right. You meet a beautiful, exotic woman...

McClane interrupts himself.

QUAID
Go on.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4) 1

MCCLANE
(sits back)
I don't wanna spoil it for you, Doug. Just rest assured, by the time it's all over, you'll have got the girl, killed the bad guys, and saved the planet.
(smiles confidently)
Now you tell me. Is that worth three hundred measly credits?

Quaid smiles reluctantly. McClane's got him hooked.

20 INT. REKALL - MEMORY STUDIO - DAY 2

Quaid sits in a "dentist's chair" in an office which is a cross between an operating room and a sound mixing booth. An IV tube is connected to the back of his hand, and he wears a GREEN SURGICAL SMOCK over his street clothes.

ERNIE, a hyperactive young technician, lowers over Quaid's head a burnished metal bowl at the end of an elbow arm. He has the air of an acid-head who's still out there.

ERNIE
First trip?

QUAID
Mm-hmm.

Ernie carefully aligns the complex scientific instrument and locks it in place.

ERNIE
Don't worry. Things hardly ever fuck up.

The door opens and a bird-like, middle-aged woman enters in a stylish pants suit. DR. LULL is too skinny and her hair is too red. She treats Quaid with impersonal conviviality.

DR. LULL
Good evening...
(checks video-chart)
Doug. I'm Dr. Lull.

QUAID
Pleased to meet you.

Dr. Lull dons a surgical smock, then flips through Quaid's computer chart.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

DR. LULL
Ernie, patch in matrix 62B, 37, and...
(looks at Quaid)
Would you like us to integrate some alien stuff?

In quick succession, Dr. Lull runs through a series of graphics on the computer screen representing "memory trip" cassette covers. We see pictures of slimy green Martians.

QUAID
Two-headed monsters?

DR. LULL
Don't you keep up with the news? Now we're doing alien artifacts.

Dr. Lull and Quaid share a facetious smile.

QUAID
Sure. Why not?

The latest graphic appears on the screen: a sophisticated archaeological dig inside a red cave. Dr. Lull presses a button and a cassette is ejected. She tosses it to Ernie, who examines the cover art with interest before plugging it in.

ERNIE
That's a new one.

Dr. Lull fastens straps over Quaid to hold him in place and makes perfunctory conversation.

DR. LULL
So, been married long?

QUAID
Eight years.

DR. LULL
I see. Slipping away for a little hanky-panky.

QUAID
Not really. I've just always been fascinated by Mars.

ERNIE
All systems go.

DR. LULL
(fastens last strap)
Then we're all set.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

Dr. Lull steps on a lever. The back of Quaid's chair lowers to a reclining position.

DR. LULL (CONT'D)
Ready for dream land?

Quaid nods and Dr. Lull opens the IV drip.

DR. LULL (CONT'D)
I'll be asking you a few questions, Doug, so we can fine tune the wish-fulfillment program. Answer honestly, and you'll enjoy yourself a whole lot more.

Quaid begins to feel the effect of the anaesthetic. Dr. Lull checks his vital signs.

DR. LULL (CONT'D)
Your sexual orientation?

QUAID
Hetero.

DR. LULL
Hmmm.
(flips a switch)
And how do you like your women?

Quaid looks drowsily at a schematic female outline on a computer screen. With each decision, the computer image adjusts to correspond to Quaid's taste.

DR. LULL (CONT'D)
Blonde, brunette, redhead?

QUAID
Brunette.

DR. LULL
Slim, athletic, voluptuous?

The schematic figure fills out, her breasts expanding to enormous size.

QUAID
(woozy)
Athletic.

The computer figure returns to more normal proportions.

DR. LULL
Demure, aggressive, wanton? Be honest.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3) 20

QUAID
Wanton...and demure.

DR. LULL
(with certainty)
Forty-one A.

Ernie inserts cassette 41A into his console. The computer image seems very similar to the woman in Quaid's dream.

ERNIE
Boy, is he gonna have a wild time. Won't wanna come back.

21 INT. MCCLANES OFFICE - DUSK 21

McClane is talking with another prospective client, a spinsterish, middle-aged woman, MISS LONELYHEARTS.

MISS LONELYHEARTS
(complains)
But there won't be any souvenirs.

MCCLANE
Not true. For just a few credits more, we supply T-shirts, snapshots of you at the sights, and letters from the handsome men you'll meet.

The VIDEOPHONE rings, and Dr. Lull appears on his screen.

DR. LULL (LIVE FEED)
Bob?

MCCLANE
(impatient)
What is it?

DR. LULL
You better get down here.

McClane rolls his eyes, as if in league with the customer against the company.

MCCLANE
I'm with a very important client.

DR. LULL
Looks like another schizoid embolism.

Miss Lonelyhearts is scandalized. McClane stands and attempts a reassuring smile.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

MCCLANE
I'll be right back.

22 INT. REKALL - MEMORY STUDIO - DUSK 2

McClane strides into the memory studio, ready to kick ass, but he pulls up short at what he sees and hears.

Quaid shouts and thrashes about in the chair, violently struggling to break the straps that hold him down. He's like a different person: a caged animal.

QUAID
You're dead, all of you! You blew my cover.

Terrified, Dr. Lull and Ernie keep a safe distance from Quaid. McClane is merely aggravated.

MCCLANE
What the fuck is going on here?! You can't install a simple goddamn double implant?!

DR. LULL
It's not my fault. We hit a memory cap.

QUAID
They'll be here any minute! They'll kill you all!

MCCLANE
What's he talking about?

QUAID
Let me go!

McClane walks up to Quaid and examines his eyes.

MCCLANE
Mr. Quaid, try and calm down.

Quaid breaks the strap holding his right arm and grabs McClane by the throat.

QUAID
(quietly menacing)
My name's not Quaid.

McClane, choking, tries to pry Quaid's hand from his neck, but he can't loosen the iron grip.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

QUAID (CONT'D)
Untie me.

Ernie rushes over and unsuccessfully tries to wrestle Quaid's arm down, using his full body weight. McClane's eyes are bulging.

Dr. Lull frantically jabs a SYRINGE GUN into Quaid's thigh and fires dose after dose until Quaid's grip weakens and he passes out.

McClane falls to the ground, gagging. Dr. Lull goes over to help him.

DR. LULL
Are you all right?

McClane shoves her away and gasps for breath.

DR. LULL (CONT'D)
Listen to me! He's been going on and on about Mars.
(frightened)
He's really been there.

MCCLANE
(raspy)
Use your head, you dumb bitch! He's acting out the secret agent role from his Ego Trip!

DR. LULL
(superior)
I'm afraid that's not possible.

MCCLANE
(condescending)
Why not?

DR. LULL
We haven't implanted it yet.

McClane falls silent. Suddenly he's terrified.

MCCLANE
Oh god....

DR. LULL
I've been trying to tell you. Somebody erased his memory.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

ERNIE
(hysterical)
Somebody? We're talking the fucking Agency!

DR. LULL
Shut up!

WHACK! Dr. Lull SLAPS Ernie across the face. Her violent act shocks everyone to silence, including herself. McClane tries to think.

MCCLANE
Okay, this is what we're gonna do. Renata, cover up any memory he has of us or Rekall.

DR. LULL
I'll do what I can. It's getting messy in there.

MCCLANE
Ernie, dump him in a cab. Around the corner. Get Tiffany to help you.
(Ernie nods)
I'll destroy his file and refund his money.
(stands)
And if anybody comes asking...we've never heard of Douglas Quaid.

They look at Quaid, sprawled unconscious in the chair.

23 EXT./INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT (RAIN)

Quaid, befuddled, slowly comes to his senses in the back seat. It's pouring RAIN outside.

QUAID
Where am I?

CABBIE
(cheerful)
You're in a JohnnyCab!

QUAID
I mean...what am I doing here?

Through WINDSHIELD, we see that the Cabbie is a smiling robotic mannequin in an old-fashioned cabbie's uniform. His vehicle is a JOHNNYCAB, the automated Checker Cab of the future.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2

JOHNNY
I'm sorry. Would you please rephrase the question.

QUAID
(impatient, enunciates)
How did I get in this taxi?!

JOHNNY
The door opened. You sat down.

VROOM! Quaid is thrown back in his seat as Johnny beats a red light.

24 EXT. THE COMMONS - NIGHT (RAIN) 2

Quaid exits the JohnnyCab.

JOHNNY
Thanks for taking Johnnycab! I hope you enjoyed the ride.

Still woozy, he staggers down a covered walkway out of the pouring rain. Harry, his buddy from work, approaches him.

HARRY
Hey, Quaid!

QUAID
(surprised)
Harry!

HARRY
(claps Quaid on shoulder)
How was your trip to Mars?

Harry walks with Quaid toward the SECURITY GATE leading to his apartment complex.

QUAID
What trip?

HARRY
You went to Rekall, remember.

QUAID
I did?

HARRY
Yeah, you did.

Puzzled, Quaid tries to remember.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Come on, I'll buy you a drink.

Harry starts to lead Quaid away by the arm, but Quaid doesn't want to go.

QUAID
Thanks Harry, but I'm late.

HARRY
(suddenly mean)
Tough shit.

THREE LARGE MEN IN SUITS converge on Quaid, grab him, and rush him toward the door.

QUAID
Hey!

Quaid starts to put up a fight, but Harry and the men jab concealed pistols against his ribs. Quaid quiets down and goes with them through the door.

25 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT (RAIN) 2

Harry and the Agents march Quaid down a long staircase.

QUAID
What the fuck is going on?!

Harry stares straight ahead and doesn't answer.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Are you a cop?...What did I do?

HARRY
You blabbed, Quaid! You blabbed!

QUAID
"Blabbed"? --About <u>what</u>?

26 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT (RAIN) 2

The goons throw Quaid against a wall and twist his arms behind his back.

HARRY
You shoulda listened to me, Quaid.
I was there to keep you out of trouble.

Harry holds a gun to Quaid's head.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

QUAID
Harry, you're making a mistake! You've got me mixed up with somebody else!

HARRY
Unh-uh, pal. You've got yourself mixed up with somebody else.

Harry starts to pull the trigger.

Quaid throws himself forward. Harry shoots and misses. Quaid breaks free from the goons. Without pause, he crushes a windpipe, flattens a nose with the heel of his hand, pokes out an eyeball and follows up with a sledgehammer blow to Harry's sternum that stops his heart.

In five seconds, four men are dead. Quaid looks with surprise at the destruction he has wreaked. Then he runs like hell.

27 INT. QUAID'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

Lori adjusts the HOLO-CONSOLE. The image of a female TENNIS PLAYER pops up and executes a perfect swing. Lori walks to the hologram and gets inside. She imitates the movements of the holo-model, making minor adjustments to her form until they are completely IN SYNC.

Bingo! The hologram glows bright red and colors the room.

The front door flies open, and Quaid enters, breathless.

LORI
Hi, baby.

Quaid darts around the apartment, crouched below window level, turning off every light in the place.

LORI (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

QUAID
Some men just tried to kill me!

Quaid turns a switch at the holo-console, and BZZZT! The hologram disappears. Lori stands there, alarmed, as Quaid keeps turning off lights.

LORI
Muggers?!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

QUAID
No! Spies or something. And Harry from work...Get down!

Lori has stepped in front of a window. Quaid drags her to the floor.

QUAID (CONT'D)
He was the boss.

LORI
(bewildered)
Start over. What exactly happened? Why would "spies" want to kill you?

QUAID
I don't know! It has something to do with Mars.

LORI
Mars? You've never even been to Mars.

QUAID
I know; it's crazy. I went to this Rekall place after work, and...

LORI
What?! You went to those brain butchers?!

QUAID
Let me finish!

Lori grabs him, concerned.

LORI
What did they do to you? Tell me!

QUAID
(embarrassed)
--I got a trip to Mars.

LORI
(disapprovingly)
Oh God, Doug.

QUAID
Forget Rekall, will you! These men were going to kill me...

LORI
Doug, nobody's trying to kill you.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2) 2

QUAID
They did! But I killed them!

Lori tries to lead Quaid to the sofa.

LORI
Sweetheart, listen to me. Those assholes at Rekall have fucked up your head, and you're having paranoid delusions.

Quaid holds up his hands, which are covered with blood.

QUAID
You call this a delusion?!

Lori is stunned. She doesn't know whether to be afraid for Quaid--or of him.

He dashes to the bathroom, keeping low.

28 INT. QUAID'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 2

Quaid shuts the door--darkness--then turns on the light. He looks at himself in the mirror. He twists the faucet and washes the blood off his hands.

29 INT. QUAID'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

Upset, Lori shouts as she makes a videophone call.

LORI
Doug, I'm calling a doctor.

QUAID (O.S.)
Don't! Don't call anybody!

An imposing man appears on the videoscreen.

MAN (RICHTER, LIVE FEED)
Hello.

30 INT. QUAID'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 3

Quaid splashes water on his face, takes a deep breath, dries off, carefully switches off the light, then opens the bathroom door. Tracer bullets RIP into the dark bathroom, smashing the mirror, walls, and fixtures.

31 INT. QUAID'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 31

Quaid dives forward and scrambles into the living area, which is also in total darkness.

QUAID
Lori! Run!

Quaid hides behind the BAR. Bullets shatter bottles and glasses all around him. He vaults over the bar and rolls to the far wall.

Quaid can hear his ASSAILANT moving around. He tosses a pillow across the room. Tracer fire blasts it.

Quaid leaps over a chair at the source of the tracers and attacks his assailant. Their fighting silhouettes are visible against the window.

Bullets are fired wildly. A gun SKITTERS across the floor. We hear a few meaty THUDS, then a painful GRUNT as someone's breath WHOOSHES out.

A LIGHT comes on, and Quaid is standing there with one hand on the lamp switch and the other arm circling Lori's neck in a chokehold!

Quaid is astonished. Devastated.

QUAID
Lori...

Lori stomps on his foot, spins an elbow into his face, and pummels him with a rapid barrage of chops and punches. Quaid merely defends himself, unwilling to strike his wife.

Under this handicap, he absorbs savage blows that would kill a lesser man. As Lori winds up for the coup de grace, Quaid punches her in the stomach, launching her all the way to the kitchen.

As he staggers toward her, Lori grabs a carving knife from the wall. Now she stalks Quaid, who wisely retreats.

Quaid looks around for Lori's gun, sees it on the floor, and makes several attempts to grab it. Lori keeps him at bay, deftly slicing his arms and chest.

Quaid is quite bloody before he lands a solid right to Lori's jaw. While she's stunned, he picks up the gun and aims it at her.

QUAID
Talk.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

Lori remains stubbornly silent. Quaid shoves the gun barrel in her ear.

QUAID (CONT'D)
I said TALK!!

LORI
I'm not your wife.

Quaid cocks the gun.

LORI
I swear to God!...I never saw you before six weeks ago! Our marriage is just a memory implant.

Quaid grabs her by the hair and shouts in her face.

QUAID
Why are you doing this?! What's happened to you?!

LORI
The Agency had to watchdog you--make sure the erasure took. A wife seemed like a good idea.

Quaid looks at her, unsettled by her persistence.

QUAID
You think I'm an idiot?
(bitter)
I remember our wedding!

LORI
That was implanted.

QUAID
And falling in love?

LORI
Implanted.

QUAID
Our friends, my job, eight years together, I suppose all that's implanted too?

LORI
The job's real. You've had it since you got dropped here.

Baffled and uncertain, Quaid relaxes his hold on Lori.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

LORI (CONT'D)
Sorry, Quaid. Your whole life is a dream.

Quaid pushes Lori away, but keeps his gun trained on her. He tries to defend his sanity with an air of sarcasm.

QUAID
All right then. If I'm not me, who am I?

LORI
Beats me. I just work here.

Quaid rubs his forehead, trying to decide how to react. Lori suddenly becomes much friendlier, even intimate.

LORI (CONT'D)
But there's something I have to tell you. You're the best assignment I ever had. Really.

QUAID
I'm honored.

She edges closer to him on the floor.

LORI
How 'bout one for the road?

Lori rests her head on his thigh.

LORI (CONT'D)
It's not like we're strangers, you know. --If you don't trust me, you can tie me up.

QUAID
I didn't know you were so kinky.

LORI
There's lots of things you don't know about me.

Quaid catches Lori looking over his shoulder at the VIDEO MONITOR which displays the lobby of the apartment building (LIVE FEED). FOUR AGENTS enter an elevator. The leader is RICHTER, the "doctor" Lori called. He radiates malevolence with a dark intensity. His equally vicious partner is HELM.

Quaid glares at Lori and holds his gun to her head.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3) 3

QUAID
Clever girl.

LORI
Doug...You wouldn't shoot me, would you, sweetheart? --Not after all we've been through.

QUAID
Yeah. Some of it was fun.

Lori leans seductively toward Quaid, expecting a caress. Instead, he knocks her out with the gun.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Nice knowing you.

Quaid stands and runs to the door.

32 EXT. QUAID'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 3

Quaid races down the hallway and ducks through an EXIT door. A second later, Richter and his men dash from the stairs, guns drawn, and charge into his apartment.

33 INT. QUAID'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

Richter and his men find Lori, unconscious, on the floor.

34 EXT. COMMONS - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 3

Quaid dashes up stairs two at a time and exits the stairwell.

35 INT. QUAID'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

Helm activates a futuristic TRACKING DEVICE and pans it around like a Geiger counter. Other agents search the apartment. Richter holds Lori and tries to revive her.

RICHTER
Lori...Lori.

She's comes to, groggy.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
You all right?

Lori gingerly checks out her bruise.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

LORI
Sorry, guess I blew it.

RICHTER
What's he remember?

LORI
Nothing, so far.

HELM
I got him!.

Helm shows Richter the tracking device.

CLOSE ON: A FLASHING RED DOT moving through a SCHEMATIC REPRESENTATION of the building.

RICHTER AND HELM run to a window and look outside. They see Quaid running down an inclined rooftop toward the Commons.

RICHTER
Shit, the subway! Go! Go!

Helm and the other agents storm out.

Richter lags behind and walks over to Lori. They kiss passionately.

RICHTER
Pack your stuff and get out.

He heads for the door.

LORI
What if they bring him back?

RICHTER
(turns around)
They won't.

Richter leaves.

36 INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT 3

Quaid runs through the station. Attracting attention, he slows down.

37 INT. SUBWAY STATION - SECURITY AREA - NIGHT 3

He glances over his shoulder as he arrives at the SECURITY AREA.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 3

Only a few feet from the X-ray panels, Quaid is about to drop his gun in a garbage can. But he sees the approaching shadows of Richter and his cohorts. He holds on to the weapon and keeps walking.

He's next in line. He passes behind the X-ray screen. He's a SKELETON and his gun GLOWS BRIGHT RED in his bony hand! ALARMS WAIL!! RED LIGHTS FLASH!! Guards spring forward to intercept him.

Quaid's skull sees the guards ahead. His skull turns and looks behind him.

Richter and Company are charging at full speed, automatic rifles in hand.

The "Skeleton Guards" are storming closer.

Trapped, his skull looks straight ahead (through X-ray screen, at camera), leaps forward...

...and Quaid CRASHES THROUGH the X-ray screen, emerging from the image of his skeleton in a shower of glass.

Quaid races forward, and hangs a right at the escalators.

38 INT. SUBWAY - NARROW CORRIDOR/LARGE ELEVATOR - NIGHT 3

Quaid powers down a narrow corridor that dead-ends at a large open elevator. Quaid bulls his way through a waiting crowd and squeezes onto the already packed elevator car.

COMPLAINERS
Get the hell off! Wait your fuckin' turn!

Richter and company arrive at the back of the crowd and stampede to the front, shoving people aside.

The doors try to close, but they hit Quaid and bounce open.

FAT COMPLAINER
There's no room, asshole!

Quaid grabs the Fat Complainer and throws him out.

QUAID
Now there is.

Richter fires warning shots inches over the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

RICHTER
GET DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!

In a matter of seconds, all the commuters drop to the floor.

Trapped on the elevator, Quaid and the other passengers watch, horrified, as their protection dissolves.

FROM INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

Richter has a clear shot. He takes aim. The metal doors close. And KBAMBAMBAMBAMBAM!!! Richter's powerful shells blast a rising line of craters in the doors as the car descends.

39 INT. SUBWAY ELEVATOR - NIGHT 39

The passengers panic, but no one is hurt.

40 INT. SUBWAY - NARROW CORRIDOR/LARGE ELEVATOR - NIGHT 4

Richter and his men turn from the outer metal doors, which have been blasted to Swiss cheese and dash down a...

41 INT. SUBWAY - STAIRCASE - NIGHT 4

Richter consults the Tracking Device. At the first landing, he signals everyone but Helm toward the EXIT DOOR.

RICHTER
There! Go! Go!

Richter and Helm continue down the stairs.

42 INT. SUBWAY - LOWER LEVEL ELEVATOR/ESCALATOR - NIGHT 4

The doors open and Quaid is the first one off. He runs forward...sees an escalator to the side flowing up like Jacob's Ladder...takes it!

43 INT. SUBWAY - LOWER LEVEL ESCALATOR - NIGHT 4

Quaid rides the stairs up. He glances behind him, then forward. And there they are! Four agents arriving at the top landing, looking down...SEEING HIM! SHOOTING RIGHT AT HIM!!

An UNLUCKY COMMUTER catches a door-piercing bullet in the face and falls backwards onto Quaid.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

Quaid grabs Unlucky's body and, using it as a shield, mounts the escalator. The Agents keep shooting, blasting the body to bits. Quaid fires up at his enemies, killing one, two, three, four!

But the gunshots continue! Richter and Helm are now behind him, shooting as they run up the escalator.

Quaid hurls the remains of the corpse at them, bowling them over. He arrives at the top of the escalator and cuts to the side.

Richter and Helm struggle out from under the corpse.

44 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM/TRAIN - NIGHT 44

Quaid reaches the platform. Passengers are exiting the just-arrived train.

Richter and Helm charge into the area.

Quaid barrels on board, crashing into passengers. The doors close.

RICHTER
Shit!

The train starts moving. Richter and Helm take aim at Quaid.

45 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT 45

Quaid tackles as many passengers as he can, dragging them to the floor.

QUAID
Get down!

Bullets shatter all the windows. Quaid pins down panicking commuters until the train enters a tunnel.

Suddenly, it's quiet. In shock, no one says a word. The only VOICE comes from a line of TEN TELEVISIONS, all playing the same commercial.

ON TV, A HUCKSTER delivers a sales pitch in CLOSE UP. ZOOM OUT and reveal that he stands in front of a gargantuan rocket ship on a launching pad.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

HUCKSTER
Don't settle for pale memories! Don't fall for fake implants! Experience space travel the old-fashioned way on a real-live holiday you can afford.

The rocket sails through space past the Earth orbit.

Quaid shakes his head and sighs.

46 EXT. COMMONS - NIGHT 46

Richter and Helm angrily stride out of the station and get in their CAR.

47 INT. RICHTER'S CAR - NIGHT 47

The dashboard is filled with elaborate tracking devices, electronic maps, and communications equipment. In the passenger seat, Richter furiously turns knobs and punches buttons, unsuccessfully trying to get a reading on Quaid.

RADIO (O.S.)
Six beta nine, we have a live transmission from Mr. Cohaagen.

Richter looks at Helm and groans.

RICHTER
This is Richter. Patch it through.

Richter smooths his hair.

A video monitor lights up with a grainy image of Cohaagen's angry face.

COHAAGEN (LIVE FEED)
What the fuck is going on down there?!

RICHTER
I'm trying to neutralize a traitor.

COHAAGEN
If I wanted him dead, you moron, I wouldn't have dumped him on Earth.

RICHTER
We can't let him run around. He knows too much.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 4

COHAAGEN
Lori says he can't remember jack shit!

RICHTER
That's now. In an hour, he could have total recall.

COHAAGEN
Listen to me, Richter, I want Quaid delivered alive for re-implantation. Have you got that? I want him back in place with Lori.

Richter is mortified.

COHAAGEN (CONT'D)
Did you hear me?

Richter twists a dial, causing the reception to break up.

RICHTER
What was that? I couldn't hear you.

COHAAGEN
I said frxtrfb....lsw...rojwf...!

Richter deliberately intensifies the interference. Cohaagen makes vituperative threats which we can't decipher.

RICHTER
Hello? We've got sunspots. I'm switching to a different frequency.

Helm nudges Richter. A blinking red dot flashes on the Tracking Device on a map filled with large CIRCLES. Richter is happy to see it. He snaps his fingers and points Helm forward.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
Mr. Cohaagen, are you there? Hello? Hello?

Richter ends the transmission as Helm guns the car into traffic, splashing water on commuters.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
Fuckin' asshole! He shoulda killed Quaid when he had the chance.

48 EXT. SUBWAY/MALL - NIGHT 48

Quaid walks out of a Subway Station and emerges in a round shopping plaza sunk in the middle of a traffic circle. Cars whiz around the periphery of the plaza, which has degenerated into a slum, complete with bars, flophouses, pimps, prostitutes, gangs, motorcycles, peddlers, and drunks sleeping in doorways.

In the distance, he sees a flashing sign on a flophouse, HOTEL RITZ.

49 EXT./INT. RICHTER'S CAR - NIGHT 49

Richter fulminates as Helm zigs in and out of traffic, HONKING.

HELM
Hey, man, I bet you're glad Lori's off <u>that</u> case.

RICHTER
It's just a job.

HELM
Well, I sure wouldn't want Quaid porking <u>my</u> girl.

Richter twists Helm's ear. The car swerves.

RICHTER
You're saying she liked it?! Is that what you're trying to say?

HELM
No, no, of course not!

Richter cools off and releases Helm's ear.

HELM (CONT'D)
I'm sure she hated every minute.

Richter looks away at the TRACKING DEVICE, which zooms to a more detailed map section.

RICHTER
Circle twenty-eight. Top level.

50 INT. RITZ HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 50

Quaid no sooner enters and closes the curtains than the videophone RINGS. He doesn't answer. On the fourth ring, he steps to the side of the screen, so he can't be seen, and lets the call through without saying anything.

The videophone screen shows a man's hand blocking the lens.

CALLER (LIVE FEED)
If you want to live, don't hang up.

Quaid doesn't hang up.

CALLER (CONT'D)
They've got you bugged, and they'll be busting down the door in about three minutes unless you do exactly what I say.

Out of sight, Quaid searches his clothes for the bug.

CALLER (CONT'D)
Don't bother looking. It's in your skull.

QUAID
(looks around, spooked)
Who are you?

CALLER
Never mind. Wet a towel and wrap it around your head. That'll muffle the signal.

QUAID
How'd you find me?

CALLER
I'd advise you to hurry.

Quaid sees the sink on the other side of the room. Once he walks in front of the videophone to get there, the caller continues.

CALLER (CONT'D)
This'll buy you some time. They won't be able to pinpoint you.

Quaid feels like a fool, but he wets a large towel and begins to wrap it around his head.

51 INT. RICHTER'S CAR - CROSS STREETS - NIGHT 51

CLOSE ON: TRACKING DEVICE. The frame ZOOMS OUT six levels of detail to general map of the area. The blinking light grows dim.

RICHTER (O.S.)
Shit!

HELM
What is it?

Richter fiddles with the tracking device, then whacks it a few times.

RICHTER
Looks like sunspots.

52 INT. RITZ HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 52

Quaid finishes wrapping the wet towel around his head like a turban.

CALLER
Now go to the window.

Quaid pulls aside a curtain and peeks outside.

CALLER (CONT'D)
See the phone booth by the bar?

52A EXT. RITZ HOTEL/PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 52

Quaid looks out and SEES the phone booth. (INTERCUT VIDEOPHONE/PHONE BOOTH/HOTEL ROOM) STEVENS, a mustachioed soldier-of-fortune, holds up a TICKET. Quaid can't clearly see his face.

STEVENS
This is the pawn stub you gave me.

QUAID
I gave you?

STEVENS (CONT'D)
I'm leaving it in the card slot. Come get it and keep moving.

Quaid see Stevens begin to hang up.

QUAID
Wait!

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED: 52

STEVENS
(impatient)
What?

QUAID
...Who are you?

STEVENS
(abrupt, irritated)
We were buddies in the Agency back on Mars. You asked me to find you if you disappeared. So here I am, good-bye.

QUAID
What was I doing on Mars?!

The line goes dead and the video shuts off. Stevens leaves the phone booth. Quaid dashes out of the hotel room.

53 thru 54 OMITTED

55 EXT. RITZ HOTEL/PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Quaid runs out of the hotel and looks around for Stevens. He's gone. Quaid dashes to the phone booth, lifting an OLD LADY and setting her aside.

QUAID
Excuse me.

Quaid looks inside the phone booth for the pawn ticket. Finds it.

CLOSE ON: PAWN TICKET "JAKE'S JEWELRY AND LOAN, Fourth and Lincoln"

Quaid dashes out of the phone booth...

QUAID
Sorry.

OLD LADY
Fuck you!

Quaid walks quickly toward the nearest exit.

56 thru 58 OMITTED

59 EXT. MALL - NIGHT 59

Stevens stands with the bums around the trash can fire and watches Quaid leave the area. Satisfied, he heads toward a different exit.

60 EXT./INT. MALL TUNNEL - NIGHT 60

Helm skids his car into a loading zone. Richter hurriedly pokes at the Tracking Device, making one last effort to get a reading.

Through the windshield, Helm sees Stevens come out of the mall. He elbows Richter.

HELM
What the fuck's he doin' here?

Richter sees Stevens and springs out of the car.

61 EXT./INT. MALL TUNNEL - NIGHT 61

Stevens grips the top of the door as he lowers himself into the seat. YAAAAAH! The door slams shut, CRUNCHING Stevens' hand. Richter is doing the crunching.

RICHTER
Where is he?!

STEVENS
Who?

Richter leans heavily on the door.

STEVENS (CONT'D)
Can't say...classified.

Richter yanks Stevens from the car, forces him down onto the curb, steps on his back, and twists his arm until his shoulder starts to dislocate.

RICHTER
You can tell us, Stevens. We're on the same team.

STEVENS
Okay, okay!

Richter stops twisting. Stevens sits on the curb, legs stretched out.

STEVENS (CONT'D)
Just call Cohaagen; get clearance.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

Furious, Richter stomps on Stevens' shin, cracking it in half against the edge of the curb. Stevens rocks in agony. Richter toys with the wound.

RICHTER
Are we cleared yet?

STEVENS
Pawnshop. Jake's....there.

Richter drops Stevens' leg.

RICHTER
Gee, I bet that hurts.

Stevens, in extreme agony, looks up with seething hatred. Richter's gun is pointed straight at him. BANG!

62 INT. JAKE'S JEWELRY AND LOAN - STORE ROOM - NIGHT 62

TRACKING ALONG NUMBERED SHELVES containing miscellaneous pawned items: musical instruments; stereo equipment; computers; stopping at a DOCTOR's SATCHEL.

JAKE THE PAWNBROKER checks the number on the shelf against the number on a pawn ticket, then takes down the satchel.

63 INT. JAKE'S JEWELRY AND LOAN - NIGHT 63

Quaid impatiently waits in the front of the shop while a bunch of low-life MUSICIANS play weird MUSIC, trying out futuristic INSTRUMENTS. They stare at Quaid, who's still wearing the towel around his head, clothes spattered with blood.

Quaid puts his hands together and bows Indian-style.

CLOMP. Jake drops the satchel on the counter and slides it through an opening in the security cage.

JAKE
There ya go.

Quaid examines the satchel.

QUAID
Did I bring this in?

JAKE
(suspicious)
Ain't it yours?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

QUAID
Yeah, sure.

Quaid picks up the satchel and walks out under everyone's curious gaze.

64 EXT. JAKE'S JEWELRY AND LOAN - NIGHT 64

Quaid hurries along a wall, ducks into a doorway, and eagerly opens the satchel.

Before he can examine the contents, Richter's car SCREECHES around the corner and stops in front of Jake's.

Richter and Helm run inside.

Quaid splashes down the street and jumps into the back seat of a JOHNNYCAB parked at a JOHNNYCAB STAND.

65 INT. JOHNNYCAB/MALL - NIGHT 65

Johnny turns to the back seat and smiles.

CABBIE
Welcome to JohnnyCab. Where can I take you tonight?

QUAID
Just drive! Quick!

JOHNNY
Would you please repeat the destination?

QUAID
Anywhere! GO! GO!...

66 EXT. JAKE'S JEWELRY AND LOAN - NIGHT 66

Richter and Helm dash out of the pawnshop, looking.

67 INT. JOHNNYCAB/MALL - NIGHT 67

QUAID
...Shit!

JOHNNY
I'm not familiar with that address.

QUAID
(skrunches low in his seat)
McDonalds! Go to McDonalds! Now!

68 EXT./INT. JAKE'S JEWELRY AND LOAN/JOHNNYCAB/MALL - NIGHT 6

Helm consults the Tracking Device, which displays a vague dot. He turns the apparatus, and the blinking dot gets sharper, brighter. He sees JohnnyCab. HE SEES QUAID!

JOHNNY
There are fourteen McDonalds franchises in the El Paso metropolitan area. Please specify...

Quaid furiously wrenches Johnny from his console and drags him into the back seat. The cosmetic steering wheel also comes loose, attached to Johnny's hands.

Richter and Helm charge forward, shooting.

Quaid leans over the driver's seat and awkwardly tries to operate the JOYSTICK to which the steering wheel was attached. The cab lurches forward.

JOHNNY'S HEAD
Please fasten your seat belt.

Richter and Helm unleash a steady stream of firepower. The rear window shatters. Bullets whiz by Quaid's ears. He tries to maneuver the sensitive joystick into a left turn down a side street.

Instead, the front wheels suddenly flip to the side, throwing the car into a spin. Quaid is flung to the side as the cab turns in a neat circle, virtually rotating in place.

Richter and Helm run closer.

Windows explode around Quaid in sequence as he tries to regain control of the vehicle. He finally gets a grip on the joystick and jerks it in the opposite direction. It breaks off!

QUAID
Fuck!

Unexpectedly, the cab stops spinning and zooms forward in a straight line, away from Richter and Helm, who pursue him on foot.

69 EXT./INT. UNDER VIADUCT/JOHNNYCAB - NIGHT 6

Quaid is surprised and delighted. Until he sees that AN ENORMOUS TRUCK is speeding straight at him!

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 6

Quaid grabs for the nub of the joystick, but it's useless. The cab is completely out of control. Quaid starts to jump out, but then--oh no!--he realizes that he's forgotten the satchel in the back seat!

The truck is right on top of him, horn BLARING.

Quaid reaches back and pulls the satchel from on top of Johnny's smiling face.

JOHNNY
Prepare for a collision. Prepare for an immediate...

The truck is a split second away!

Quaid leaps out of the cab and rolls down a concrete embankment.

CRASH! The truck obliterates JohnnyCab, which bursts into flame.

Richter and Helm run towards the wreckage, but stop when BOOM!--JohnnyCab explodes. They protect their eyes. And then KABOOM!--the big truck explodes.

Helm starts to run forward, but Richter holds him back.

RICHTER
Not yet.

Richter offers Helm a cigarette. They light up.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
I like my meat well done.

70 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ZONE - NIGHT 7

Quaid hobbles along the sloped embankment. Fire and smoke churn in the background. He sees an abandoned factory.

71 INT. CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT 7

Quaid climbs through a broken window and finds himself in the MACHINE ROOM, a huge space filled with rusted equipment. Water drips through the roof. Pigeons and rats scurry out of his way.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

Quaid sets the satchel on an assembly line apparatus and removes the contents: Packets of MARTIAN MONEY. Quaid whistles to himself as he flips through the RED BANK NOTES. A few false IDENTITY CARDS with photos we can't clearly see. A SPACE SHUTTLE TICKET TO MARS, FIRST CLASS. A weird SURGICAL INSTRUMENT sealed in clear plastic. FAT LADY MASK IN UNIDENTIFIABLE EVIDENCE. A supply of MARS CANDY BARS. A WRIST WATCH.

As Quaid examines the watch, he is startled by a fearsome INTRUDER who stares at him from the shadows about thirty feet away. Quaid draws his gun and FIRES. The Man simultaneously SHOOTS at Quaid.

Who's going to drop? Neither.

Guns extended, they have each other in check. Quaid takes a step forward. The Intruder also steps into the light.

Quaid can now see the Intruder. It's himself! Or rather, a mirror image HOLOGRAM of extremely high fidelity.

He walks toward the hologram, which matches him step for step. Like the Marx Brothers routine, Quaid makes a sudden movement. The hologram isn't fooled.

Quaid presses a button. BZZZT. The hologram disappears. Quaid straps the watch onto his wrist and notices a RAT trying to get to his Mars bars.

He scares the rodent away, then reaches into the satchel and removes a miniature VIDEODISC PLAYER/TV SET.

Quaid turns it on. As it warms up, he tears open the wrapper of a Mars bar and munches on it.

ON THE TV SCREEN Quaid himself appears in close-up and addresses the camera.

HAUSER
Howdy, Stranger; this is Hauser. If things have gone wrong, I'm talking to myself--and you've got a wet towel wrapped around your head.

Hauser laughs heartily. He has an air of complete self-confidence. Quaid watches, fascinated.

HAUSER (CONT'D)
Whatever your name is, get ready for a big surprise.--You're not you. You're me.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2) 71

Quaid stares at Hauser's face and lowers the Mars bar.

QUAID
No shit.

72 EXT. UNDER VIADUCT/COLLISION SITE - NIGHT 72

Foam gushes from fire extinguishers, onto the burning wreck of JohnnyCab. TWO FIREMEN wade inside to search for Quaid's remains. Richter, Helm and FOUR OTHER AGENTS watch. After a moment, one of the firemen backs out.

FIREMAN #1
Nobody's home.

Richter and Helm look at each other, amazed.

HELM
(to Richter)
Maybe he burned up.

FIREMAN #2
Wait a second! I've got something!

Richter and Helm approach, excited, as Fireman #2 dredges from the foam what looks like a scorched human corpse.

But it's Johnny! He turns his melted head and smiles.

JOHNNY
Thanks for taking JohnnyCab. I hope you enjoyed the ride.

Richter grimaces. An AGENT runs over to him.

AGENT
We picked up a gunshot at the cement works.

RICHTER
Move!

Richter gets in his car.

73 INT. CEMENT FACTORY - MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT 73

Fascinated, Quaid continues watching his alter ego.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

HAUSER
All my life I worked for Mars Intelligence. I did Cohaagen's dirty work. Then a few weeks ago, I met somebody--a woman. And I learned a few things; like I've been playing for the wrong team.
(sighs)
All I can do now is try and make up for it.
(taps on his forehead)
There's enough shit in here to fuck Cohaagen good. Unfortunately, if you're listening to this, that means he got to me first. And here comes the hard part, old buddy: now it's all up to you.

Quaid's not so sure he likes this idea.

HAUSER (CONT'D)
Sorry to drag you into it, but you're the only one I can trust.

74 EXT./INT. CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT 74

CLOSE ON: TRACKING DEVICE. The screen dimly represents the cement factory.

Richter looks up from the device to the mammoth, labyrinthine factory itself.

RICHTER
He's here -- somewhere.

Richter leads Helm and four other agents inside.

75 INT. CEMENT FACTORY - MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT 75

ON TV: Hauser reaches into the same satchel that Quaid picked up at the pawn shop.

HAUSER
First, let's get rid of that bug in your head.
(holds up plastic bag)
Take the thingy in the plastic bag and stick it up your nose. Don't worry; it's self guiding. Just shove real hard...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

Quaid throws the remainder of his Mars bar to the rats and takes out "the thingy in the plastic bag". He tears it open and removes a surgical instrument that looks like the metallic tentacle of an alien.

HAUSER (CONT'D)
When you hear the crunch, you're there. Just pull it out.

He sticks the tentacle up his nose and shoves. Whoa! Quaid grimaces with pain.

HAUSER (CONT'D)
And be careful. It's my head, too.

The recorded message freeze-frames. Quaid warily sits down and continues with the procedure.

As the instrument winds through his sinuses, Quaid's face bulges and distorts. The pain grows more and more intense until CRUNCH! The instrument breaks through cartilage and stops.

Quaid pulls the large device from his nose. The homing device glistens like an aluminum pea in a tiny claw at the end of the tentacle.

Quaid takes the bloody pea, rolls it between his thumb and forefinger, then shoves it into a Mars bar.

76 EXT./INT. CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT 76

Richter, Helm and the Four Agents proceed stealthily through the industrial ruin, waving small but powerful flashlights.

BEEEEE! A BRIGHT RED DOT flashes on the Tracking Device.

RICHTER
I've got a lock!

Richter leads them forward at a run.

77 INT. CEMENT FACTORY - MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT 77

Recovering from the pain, Quaid presses a button on the Videodisc player, and the recorded message continues.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

HAUSER
Now this is the plan. Get your ass to Mars. Then go the Hilton and flash the Brubaker I.D. at the desk. That's all there is to it. Just do what I tell you, and we can nail the sonovabitch who fucked you and me and a million other poor bastards here on Mars.
(personal)
I'm counting on you, buddy. Don't let me down.

The TV automatically turns off. Quaid is left in the silent darkness.

He hears Richter and his men nearby, sees a beam from their flashlights and springs to his feet.

78 INT. CEMENT FACTORY - ADJOINING ROOM - NIGHT 78

Richter and his men juke left and right like heat-seeking missiles. The Tracking Device shows Quaid's exact location.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
He's moving.
(switches course)
In here!

Richter sprints through a door into the...

79 INT. CEMENT FACTORY - MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT 79

Flashlight beams cut through the dusty air. Quaid runs toward the far end of the room. Richter and the others unleash a FIRE STORM in his general direction.

The videoplayer is blasted out of Quaid's hands. He starts to go back for it, but the rain of bullets forces him on. He runs through some machines and disappears behind a pile of rubble.

Richter and his men surround the pile of rubble. He checks the Tracking Device.

CLOSE ON: TRACKING DEVICE. The dot is located just on the far side of the pile. It is not moving.

Richter signals his men, and they charge around the pile shooting, but Quaid isn't there.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

Richter signals his men to cease firing. He passes his light over the pile. Lots of trash, but no Quaid.

Richter looks at the Tracking Device, puzzled. The flashing dot clearly indicates that Quaid is directly in front of them. But he's not.

Richter aims his flashlight beam more precisely and illuminates...a terrified RAT.

Richter is puzzled. He looks at his men, then looks back at the rat.

CLOSE ON THE RAT with a fragment of a Mars Bar wrapper in its mouth.

Richter now understands how he was tricked. Infuriated, he BLASTS THE RAT TO A PULP.

HAUSER (O.S.)
...ass to Mars squrtrk Get your ass to Mars squrtrk...

In the midst of the barrage, Helm walks up to Richter with the broken videoplayer which SQUAWKS like a broken record. Distracted, Richter stops shooting, turns and watches a static-ridden snippet of the recorded message on the CRACKED SCREEN. Only a small shard of the videodisc remains inside.

HAUSER
...Get your ass to Mars squrtrk Get your ass to...

80 EXT. MARS - DAY (COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER) 8

RED!

A vacant, epic expanse of glowing crimson.

A space ship drops into frame, retro rockets burning. PAN DOWN with space ship as it descends in front of two moons, the Pyramid Mine, a distant city -- and prepares to land at the Mars SPACE PORT.

81 INT. MARS SPACEPORT/IMMIGRATION HALL - DAY 8

HEAVILY ARMED SECURITY GUARDS wait at the EXIT GATE. A door slides up and passengers start to disembark from the SPACE SHIP. The guards scrutinize passengers one by one as they enter the...IMMIGRATION HALL. The entire room is swarming with stern SOLDIERS on a high state of alert.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

We wait suspensefully for Quaid to appear, but the first familiar face is Richter, followed by Helm. The officer of the security guards, EVERETT, approaches him coldly.

EVERETT
Richter?

RICHTER
Yeah.

EVERETT
Mr. Cohaagen wants to see you right away.

Richter senses he's in hot water. He follows Everett past the imposing OFFICIAL PORTRAIT OF COHAAGEN which greets all visitors.

Passengers are queued up in three long lines, waiting to be processed by IMMIGRATION OFFICERS. Everett's men shove people aside to make room for the VIPs.

RICHTER
Any news about Quaid?

EVERETT
Not since you lost him.

They march through Immigration, squeezing by a FAT LADY who stands in line and answers questions posed by the IMMIGRATION OFFICER.

FAT LADY
Just a vacation.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
How long do you plan to stay?

FAT LADY
Two weeks.

BEHIND THE DESKS, Richter stops as he passes a wall defaced with graffiti: "KUATO LIVES!". A janitor is in the process of painting it over.

RICHTER
What the hell is that?

EVERETT
The Martians all love Kuato. They think he's fuckin' George Washington.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

8

RICHTER
Kill the bastard.

EVERETT
First you gotta find him.

Richter and the entourage proceed down the hallway.

CLOSE ON: PASSPORT. BAM! An official seal stamps down on the document, leaving the circular imprint: MARS FEDERAL COLONY/CONFEDERATION OF NORTHERN NATIONS.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER initials the passport and gets ready to hand it back to the Fat Lady.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Have you brought any fruits or vegetables onto the planet?

FAT LADY
Two weeks.

He holds on to the passport.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Excuse me...?

FAT LADY
...Two weeks. Two weeks.

Fat Lady covers her mouth, embarrassed.

Richter's ENTOURAGE has almost exited the Immigration Hall.

EVERETT
Things are getting hot. The rebels took over the refinery last night. No turbinium's going out.

Richter glances at the Fat Lady and keeps walking.

THE FAT LADY is having some kind of fit. She keeps repeating the same phrase over and over, each time SLOWER, LOWER PITCHED, and MORE DISTORTED, like a record running down. Horrified, she covers her mouth and tries to shut herself up.

FAT LADY
Twooo weeeks. Twooooo weeeks. Twooooooo weeeeeeks.

Everybody stares at the poor woman.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3) 8

Richter stops and looks suspiciously at the Fat Lady. The Fat Lady sees him staring. They lock eyes. Richter knows! He points!

RICHTER
That's Quaid! There! The woman!

The Fat Lady edges to the side along a wall.

RICHTER
Stop him!

Everett and his men are confused.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
HER!

Several soldiers block the Fat Lady's path and prepare to detain her. She beats the shit out of the first three.

FAT LADY
Twoooooo weeeeeeks.

The Fat Lady twists her ear, and her face splits down the middle, revealing Quaid inside!

The bizarre sight stuns the next group of Soldiers enough for Quaid to bull through them. He throws the split face at a SOLDIER who instinctively catches it.

The face slides together and addresses the Soldier normally.

FAT LADY FACE
Get ready for a big surprise.

Just as the Soldier reacts, BOOM! The face explodes, shredding three bad guys.

Richter scrambles after Quaid, gun drawn, but he can't get a clear shot. Another Soldier pulls a gun at close range. Quaid swats his arm, shoves him into a bunch of Guards, then smashes a third Soldier in the face.

SIX SOLDIERS are racing toward Quaid from an intersecting corridor. Richter takes aim and shoots just as Quaid cuts in front of a LARGE WINDOW, through which the airless Martian landscape can be seen.

Richter's bullets shatter the window, creating an INSTANT TORNADO. Everett, his men, and everybody else hold on for dear life as the artificial atmosphere swirls into the vacuum outside. Quaid grabs a railing. An UNLUCKY SOLDIER is sucked out through the broken window.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (4) 81

The Fat Lady's clothes and padding are sucked off Quaid, revealing male apparel underneath.

ALARMS sound and METAL BARRIERS slide down over windows and doorways. SQQRRCHANG! SQQQRRCHANG! SQQQRRCHANG! All escape routes are being closed off.

Quaid thrusts out from a wall and rolls under a falling barrier a second before it slams to the floor.

A metal sheet covers the shattered window. The tornado instantly dissipates.

Richter sprints to Quaid's doorway and tries to pull up the metal barrier. It won't give. He YELLS at a young, frightened SOLDIER.

RICHTER
Open it!!!

The Soldier is speechless. Furious, Richter backhands him with his gun.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
Now, goddammit!

Everett grabs Richter's arm as he is about to strike again.

EVERETT
He can't--they're all connected.

Richter and Everett stare at each other with mutual hatred.

82 INT. MARTIAN SUBWAY CAR - DAY 8

The train CLATTERS through a dark tunnel. The CROWDING AND FLASHING OF LIGHTS create a feeling of anxiety.

REWARD POSTERS for KUATO are posted throughout the train. They contain no likeness of the wanted man.

Quaid looks around, alert to potential danger. He overhears snippets of various private conversations.

MARTIAN WIFE
Then they came back a week later and took away the Hamiltons.

MARTIAN HUSBAND
(hushed, outraged)
They aren't political.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 8

MARTIAN WIFE
Her brother was.

RED LIGHT floods the car and the REVERBERATED CLATTERING DIMINISHES. The subway emerges onto the surface of Mars. Through a window behind Quaid, we see the Pyramid Mine from Quaid's recurrent dream.

Quaid turns, and now sees the object of his obsession. Fascinated, he addresses a BURLY MINER standing next to him.

QUAID
Excuse me. What's that?

BURLY MINER
That? That's the Pyramid Mine, I used to work there...
(confidential)
Till they found that alien shit inside.

QUAID
I heard that's just a rumor.

BURLY MINER
Sure it is.

Quaid turns away and stares at the object of his obsession.

83 EXT. SURFACE OF MARS - DAY 8

The train worms into a tunnel leading to the domed city of CHRYSE, perched on one side of a steep canyon. High on the other ledge looms COHAAGEN'S HEADQUARTERS.

84 INT.COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY 8

Cohaagen sits in his high-backed executive chair in front of a wall-sized picture window which overlooks a majestic panorama of the Pyramid Mine.

We hear doors slide open, then footsteps. Richter enters the frame.

RICHTER
Mr. Cohaagen...You wanted to see me?

Cohaagen swivels around in his chair. He's smiling.

COHAAGEN
Richter, do you know why I'm such a happy person?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

RICHTER
No, sir.

COHAAGEN
Because I've got a great fuckin' job. As long as the turbinium keeps flowing, I can do anything I want. Anything. Nobody's looking over my shoulder. Nobody cares how I live. Nobody gives a shit if a few Martians have to suffer.
(a beat)
I'll tell you the truth: I wouldn't trade places with the Chairman.
(stands)
In fact, the only thing I ever worry about is that one day, if the rebels win, it all might end.

Cohaagen explodes, pounding his fist on the desk.

COHAAGEN (CONT'D)
AND YOU'RE FUCKIN' MAKING IT HAPPEN!!!! YOU DISOBEYED MY ORDERS! AND THEN YOU FUCKIN' LET HIM GET AWAY!!

Richter survives the barrage, shaken but not cowed.

RICHTER
He had help, sir. From our side.

COHAAGEN
(as if totally obvious)
I know that.

RICHTER
(caught off guard)
But I thought...

COHAAGEN
Who told you to <u>think</u>?! I don't give you enough information to <u>think</u>!
(points)
You do what you're told!! That's what you do!

Cohaagen feeds his GOLDFISH who swim around in a large spherical bowl.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2) 84

COHAAGEN (CONT'D)
Now let's get down to business. Kuato wants what's in Quaid's head. And he might be able to get it, cause they say he's a psychic. Now I have a little plan to keep this from happening. --Do you think you can play along?

RICHTER
Yes, sir.

COHAAGEN
Great! -- Cause I was just getting ready to erase you.

85 INT. TRANSPORTATION HUB - DAY 85

A mob of passengers disembark from a commuter train. Amid the crowd, we find Quaid, doing his best to be inconspicuous.

He moves through a broad underground plaza hewn from solid rock. The railway platform is on one side, across from a large scale, bustling MINING OPERATION. A gigantic MOLE (a bulldozer used for drilling) rumbles by, heading toward one of several MINING TUNNELS.

Around the Hub, OTHER TUNNELS lead to various neighborhoods (labeled SECTORS A-D, SECTOR E-F, etc.) and hotels. Quaid walks into the tunnel labeled "HILTON".

86 INT. HILTON HOTEL LOBBY/LOUNGE/RECEPTION - DAY 86

Quaid comes out of the inclined underground walkway into a spacious atrium under a glass dome. The Pyramid Mine is visible straight ahead, through a high wall of glass. Red sunlight bathes the lobby in a weird rosy glow.

Quaid crosses the lobby and walks up to the REGISTRATION DESK. A CLERK addresses him.

CLERK
Good afternoon. Can I help you?

Quaid hands his ID card to the Clerk.

QUAID
I'd like a room, please.

The Clerk takes the ID card and plugs it into a slot. The "Brubaker" file shows up on the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

CLERK
Nice to have you back with us, Mr. Brubaker. Would you like the same suite?

QUAID
Definitely.

The Clerk sees something unusual on the monitor.

CLERK
Hmm. It seems you left something in our safe.

QUAID
Get it, please.

The Clerk types instructions on the keyboard, and a moment later a small SAFE DEPOSIT BOX slides smoothly out of a wall. He pulls the box from its track and sets it in front of Quaid.

Quaid and the Clerk both press their thumbs on the double lock, and the top of the box opens. The clerk politely leaves Quaid alone.

CLERK
I'll go encode your room key.

The Clerk steps away, and Quaid looks inside the box.

It's empty....except in the back, there's a piece of red paper folded in eighths. Quaid grabs the paper and hurriedly unfolds it.

CLOSE ON: RED PAPER. It's an advertising FLIER for a bar, THE LAST RESORT in VENUSVILLE, featuring a drawing of a naked woman.

Quaid turns the paper over. On the other side is a handwritten message: "For a GOOD TIME, ask for Melina".

The Clerk returns with a plastic key card, which he hands to Quaid.

CLERK
There you go, Mr. Brubaker. Suite 610 in the Blue Wing.

QUAID
(reaching for a pen)
May I?

CLOSE ON: BACK OF FLIER. Quaid scribbles "Melina" under the written message. The handwriting matches.

87 INT. TRANSPORTATION HUB - DAY 87

Quaid comes out of the driveway from the Hilton and strides toward the cab stand. On the way, he's approached by BENNY, an amiable black hustler in his early-thirties.

BENNY
Hey, man...need a cab?

Quaid nods toward the first taxi in line.

QUAID
What's wrong with that one?

BENNY
He ain't got six kids to feed.

Quaid sees that the other cabbie is a PUNK in his early twenties. He takes mercy on Benny.

QUAID
Where's yours?

BENNY
Over here.

As Benny leads Quaid away, the Punk Cabbie runs after them.

PUNK CABBIE
That's my fare, you asshole!

Suddenly, BOOM! A HUGE EXPLOSION destroys the upper level of the mine. Windows shatter. The blast throws Benny to the ground and almost topples Quaid. ALARMS go off.

Benny staggers to his feet, slightly dazed.

BENNY
Welcome to Mars.

SOLDIERS dash from all directions and engage in a shootout with REBEL GUERRILLAS.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here.

Benny swings up the gullwing door of HIS MINI-CAB, and Quaid squeezes himself into the tiny vehicle.

88 EXT./INT. BENNY'S CAB/TRANSPORTATION HUB - DAY 88

Benny quickly pulls into traffic.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88

QUAID
What's all the trouble about?

BENNY
Oh, the usual. Money, freedom...air.

Benny cuts off several cars and drives into a dark tunnel.

89 INT. TUNNEL - DAY 89

Benny drives through the narrow tube. Occasionally, a patch of red light hits the cab through a ceiling panel.

BENNY
So, where to?

QUAID
The Last Resort.

BENNY
(suggestive)
You're off to an early start.

The cab emerges into a plaza, immersed in red light.

90 EXT./INT. MINING HUB - DAY 9

Various tunnels lead to different SECTORS and different MINES. Benny's cab swerves out of the path of a stampeding mining MOLE.

BENNY
First time on Mars?

QUAID
Yeah...Well, no...Sort of.

BENNY
(to himself)
Man don't remember if he's been to Mars or not.

The cab zigs into a tunnel marked, "Sector G/VENUSVILLE".

91 EXT./INT. VENUSVILLE PLAZA - DAY 9

Benny's taxi emerges from a tunnel into the adult entertainment district, a world of perpetual night filled with bars, strip joints, t-shirt shops, and PSYCHIC PARLORS.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

Most of the buildings are dilapidated and covered with ads, signs, and graffiti.

Quaid stares out the window, engrossed in the spectacle of the strange planet. Benny honks and curses.

Numerous SOLDIERS patrol the streets in pairs. One PAIR OF SOLDIERS harass TWO YOUNG MEN. REWARD POSTERS for KUATO are pasted up everywhere.

The cab catches up to an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN with a sexy walk who carries a LITTLE GIRL.

BENNY
Not bad.

As they pass her, Quaid and Benny turn around to look at her face. She is horribly deformed, and her child has the same congenital defect.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Well, maybe with a paper bag on her head.

Quaid looks around and notices that a significant proportion of the population is DEFORMED in some way.

QUAID
Tell me something. Why are there so many, uh...?

BENNY
Freaks? --Cheap domes, man. And no air to screen out the rays.

Benny parks in front of the LAST RESORT, a seedy dive.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Here you are. The Last Resort.

They both regard the establishment with trepidation.

BENNY (CONT'D)
You sure you wanna go here, man? You're liable to catch a disease.

Quaid is not exactly tantalized, but he steps out of the cab. Benny speaks to him through the window.

BENNY (CONT'D)
There's a much better place down the street. The girls are cleaner. The liquor's better...

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2) 91

QUAID
And the kickbacks are bigger.

Benny pleads guilty with a broad smile. He has a mouth full of bad teeth, including two gold caps, one with a crescent moon design, the other with a star.

BENNY
Hey, I got six kids to feed.

Quaid peels a few large bills into Benny's hand.

QUAID
Take 'em to the dentist.

Benny counts the money, his eyes wide with amazement. By the time he looks up, Quaid is walking away.

BENNY
Hey, mister!...thanks! I'll be waiting for you; take your time. Benny's the name. Benny!

A SOLDIER raps on Benny's cab with his stick and orders him out of the way. Quaid walks into the Last Resort.

92 INT. LAST RESORT - DAY 9

Quaid stops just inside the door and cases the joint. It's a low-down whorehouse for miners. Girls walk in and out, picking up clients and bringing them upstairs. Some of the men play cards.

Quaid walks to the bar and approaches the BARTENDER.

QUAID
I'm looking for Melina.

BARTENDER
She's busy. --But Mary's free.

Mary, a sexy, well-built prostitute, rubs against Quaid.

MARY
Not "free". Available.

Quaid notices that Mary has THREE BREASTS, prominently displayed in a special bikini top.

QUAID
I'll wait.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

Insulted, Mary farts and oozes over to another customer.

MARY
Earth slime.

BARTENDER
Thing is, friend, Mel's real picky.
Kinda sticks to her regulars.

Quaid presses a red banknote in the Bartender's hand.

QUAID
She'll like me.

The Bartender calls toward a table near the stairs.

BARTENDER
Hey, Mel!

A woman carouses with a bunch of miners at a table. She sits on the knee of a sullen, unshaven fellow named TONY. GEORGE, who's relaxed and confident, sees the Bartender trying to get Melina's attention. He signals her, and she turns around, laughing. When she sees Quaid, her laugh fades to shock.

Melina bears an uncanny resemblance to Quaid's fantasy composite at Rekall.

Melina sashays over to Quaid and looks him up and down.

MELINA
Hello there, Hauser. Still bulging,
I see.

She kisses him wet and sloppy and rubs up against him.

MELINA (CONT'D)
Ooo, whatcha been feeding that thing?

QUAID
Blondes.

MELINA
(looks down)
I think it's still hungry.

Melina leads Quaid toward the stairs. Tony sticks his leg out, blocking her way.

TONY
Where ya think you're going?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2) 9

MELINA
Relax, Tony. They'll be plenty left for you.

Tony grabs Melina's arm and pulls her onto his lap.

TONY
I was here first.
(to Quaid)
Take a number, pal.

Quaid grips Tony's wrist and leans threateningly close.

QUAID
This ain't a bakery.

Tony grabs Quaid's arm, and they're about to come to blows when George defuses the situation.

GEORGE
(to Tony)
Ya got some place to go? --Give the big guy a break.

With some relief, Tony lets go of Quaid.

TONY
Knock yourself out.

Melina takes Quaid by the hand and leads him up the stairs.

93 INT. LAST RESORT - STAIRWAY - DAY 9

They pass THUMBELINA, a beautiful midget in a push-up corset. She's going down.

MELINA
Honey, take care of Tony, will ya? He's got ants in his pants.

THUMBELINA surveys Quaid appreciatively.

MIDGET
You need any help, holler.

94 INT. LAST RESORT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY 9

Now in the upstairs hallway, Melina licks her lips and opens one of the doors for Quaid.

95 INT. LAST RESORT - MELINA'S CRIB - DAY 9

Quaid enters first, then Melina pulls the door closed behind her. She turns to Quaid, smiles seductively, then SLAPS him hard across the face!

MELINA
You bastard! You're alive!

Quaid is stunned.

MELINA (CONT'D)
I thought Cohaagen tortured you to death!

QUAID
I guess he didn't.

MELINA
You couldn't get me a message? Hunh?! You never wondered what happened to me?

Melina's tone of voice and bearing are suddenly completely different: intelligent, dignified. Quaid doesn't know what to say. He looks at her, guilty yet innocent.

Seeing Quaid's lost expression, Melina's wrath evaporates.

MELINA (CONT'D)
Oh, Hauser...Thank God you're alive.

She kisses him with deep feeling, engulfing him in a flood of chaste passion. He makes half-hearted resistance.

QUAID
Melina...Melina...

Quaid summons the strength to push her away.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Melina!

Melina is flushed and panting.

MELINA
...What?

QUAID
There's something I have to tell you...

Melina waits, curious. Quaid continues with difficulty.

QUAID (CONT'D)
I don't remember you.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

MELINA
What are you talking about?

QUAID
I don't remember you! I don't remember us. I don't even remember me.

Melina half-laughs, not really believing him.

MELINA
What, you suddenly got amnesia?...How'd you get here?

QUAID
Hauser left me a note.

MELINA
Hauser? You're Hauser.

QUAID
Not any more.

Melina looks at him with puzzlement.

QUAID
Now I'm Quaid. Douglas Quaid.

She breaks into a grin.

MELINA
Hauser, you've lost your mind.

QUAID
I didn't lose it. Cohaagen stole it. He found out that Hauser switched sides,-so he turned him into somebody else. Me.

MELINA
This is too weird.

QUAID
Then he dumped me on Earth with a wife and a lousy job and ...

MELINA
Did you say wife?...Are you fuckin' married!!?

Quaid realizes he's stuck his foot in his mouth.

QUAID
She wasn't really my wife.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2) 95

MELINA
Oh, how stupid of me...She was Hauser's wife.

QUAID
Look, forget I said wife.

MELINA
No. Let's forget everything! I've had it with you! I've had enough of your goddamn lies.

QUAID
(exasperated, innocent)
Why would I lie to you?

MELINA
Because you're still working for Cohaagen.

QUAID
Don't be ridiculous.

MELINA
You never loved me, Hauser! You used me to get inside.

QUAID
Inside what?

Quaid's curiosity seems to confirm Melina's suspicions. She becomes cold and distant.

MELINA
I think you better leave.

QUAID
Melina, Hauser sent me to do something.

MELINA
I'm not falling for it.

QUAID
(points to his head)
He said there's enough in here to nail Cohaagen for good.

MELINA
Get out!

Quaid steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3) 9

QUAID
You've got to help me remember.

Melina backs toward her bed.

MELINA
I said get out!

QUAID
(closes in)
Melina, please...People are trying to kill me.

Melina pulls a HUGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL from under her mattress, and Quaid finds himself staring down the barrel.

MELINA
Really?

Quaid studies her steely eyes.

QUAID
All right. I'm leaving.

Quaid backs out of the room. Alone, Melina sits on her bed and holds back tears.

96 INT. LAST RESORT - DAY 9

Benny sits at the bar and feels up Mary.

BENNY
Oh, baby, you make me wish I had three hands.

MARY
You're doing okay with two.

Over her shoulder, Benny sees Quaid coming down from upstairs.

BENNY
'Scuse me, babe. We'll finish this later.

To Mary's surprise, Benny slips out of her embrace and pushes through the crowd. He meets Quaid at the bottom of the stairs.

BENNY
That didn't take long.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

Quaid ignores Benny and heads for the door. Benny chases after him.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Lemme ask you a question. Ever fuck a mutant?

Quaid walks out of the brothel.

97 EXT. VENUSVILLE PLAZA - DAY 97

Quaid joins the dense crowd of carousing miners. Benny dogs Quaid's heels, scrambling to keep up with the big man's stride.

BENNY
I know these Siamese twins...Man, you don't know if you're comin' or goin'.

QUAID
(extremely dour)
I'm not in the mood.

Quaid takes pains to avoid the SOLDIERS who seem to be everywhere. He turns to a window as TWO SOLDIERS pass. He passes a PSYCHIC PARLOR with a Moroccan theme.

BENNY
How 'bout a psychic? You wanna get read by a psychic?

QUAID
No.

BENNY
I know this one bitch, man... She'll tell you what you ate for breakfast. Whaddaya say?

TWO SOLDIERS are stationed up ahead at the corner. Quaid abruptly stops to avoid confronting them. He turns to Benny.

QUAID
Where's your cab?

Benny points across the street.

BENNY
There.

QUAID
Bring me to my hotel.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 9

Quaid strides urgently toward the taxi. Rushing to keep up, Benny makes a face behind Quaid's back.

BENNY
Yes, sir.

98 INT. HILTON - QUAID'S ROOM - DAY (LATE) 9

PULL BACK through window frame and reveal...

Quaid lies forlorn on his bed in the dark, staring at the TV, but not really watching. The blue light of the television flickers against the somber red of the setting sun.

ON TV: COHAAGEN delivers a speech from his office.

COHAAGEN
Tonight, at 6:30 PM, I signed an order declaring martial law throughout the Mars Federal Colony. I will not tolerate any further damage to our mineral export operations. Mr. Kuato and his terrorists must understand that their self-defeating efforts will only bring misery...

Quaid turns off the TV and stares at the ceiling. He is startled by a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Quaid sits up slowly, on alert.

VOICE (O.S.)
(through door)
Mr. Quaid...?

Quaid picks up his gun.

QUAID
What?

VOICE (O.S.)
I need to talk to you--about Mr. Hauser.

Quaid COCKS his gun and approaches the door very cautiously, from the side.

QUAID
Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 98

VOICE (O.S.)
Dr. Edgemar. From Rekall.

QUAID
(stunned, incredulous)
How did you find me?

EDGEMAR (O.S.)
It's difficult to explain...Could you open the door, please. I'm not armed.

All of a sudden, Quaid flings opens the door and takes hair-trigger aim at...Dr. Edgemar from the Rekall commercial!!! He's dressed in the same tweed jacket. Quaid keeps the gun on Edgemar and glances up and down the hall.

EDGEMAR
Don't worry; I'm alone. --May I come in?

Quaid roughly pulls Edgemar into the hotel room and closes the door. He frisks Edgemar and finds no weapon.

QUAID
What do you want?

EDGEMAR
This is going to be very difficult for you to accept, Mr. Quaid.

QUAID
I'm listening.

EDGEMAR
I'm afraid you're not really standing here right now.

Quaid can't repress a chuckle.

QUAID
Ya know, Doc, you could have fooled me.

EDGEMAR
I'm quite serious. You're not here, and neither am I.

Quaid squeezes Edgemar's shoulder, verifying its solidity.

QUAID
Amazing. Where are we?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2) 98

EDGEMAR
At Rekall.

Quaid's cockiness wavers.

EDGEMAR (CONT'D)
You're strapped into an implant chair, and I'm monitoring you at a psycho-probe console.

QUAID
Oh, I get it; I'm dreaming! And this is all part of that delightful vacation your company sold me.

EDGEMAR
Not exactly. What you're experiencing is a free-form delusion based on our memory tapes. But you're inventing it yourself as you go along.

QUAID
Well, if this is my delusion, who invited you?

EDGEMAR
I've been artificially implanted as an emergency measure.
(gravely)
I'm sorry to tell you this, Mr. Quaid, but you've suffered a schizoid embolism. We can't snap you out of your fantasy. I've been sent in to try to talk you down.

QUAID
How much is Cohaagen paying you for this?

EDGEMAR
Think about it. Your dream started in the middle of the implant procedure. Everything after that--the chases, the trip to Mars, your suite here at the Hilton--these are all elements of your Rekall Holiday. And Ego Trip: You paid to be a secret agent.

QUAID
Bullshit. It's coincidence.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3) 9

EDGEMAR
What about the girl? Brunette, buxom, wanton and demure; just like you specified. Is that a coincidence?

QUAID
She's real. I dreamed about her before I even went to Rekall.

EDGEMAR
Mr. Quaid, can you hear yourself? "She's real because you dreamed her?"

QUAID
That's right.

Edgemar sighs, discouraged.

EDGEMAR
Maybe this'll convince you. Would you mind opening the door?

Quaid jabs his gun into Edgemar's ribs.

QUAID
You open it.

EDGEMAR
No need to be rude.

Quaid shadows Edgemar as he opens the door.

Lori stands in the threshold!

Quaid does his best to absorb another shock.

Lori puts on a brave face, like holding back tears in front of a sick child. There is not the slightest indication that she has ever been anything but Quaid's adoring wife.

LORI
Sweetheart...

EDGEMAR
Come in, Mrs. Quaid.

Lori walks in hesitantly. Quaid pulls her to him and roughly frisks her.

QUAID
I suppose you're not here either.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (4) 98

LORI
I'm here at Rekall.

Quaid laughs and roughly pushes her away.

LORI (CONT'D)
(crushed)
Doug, I love you.

QUAID
Right. That's why you tried to kill me.

LORI
Nooo! I would never do anything to hurt you. I want you to come back to me.

QUAID
Bullshit.

Lori's heart is breaking, but Quaid's is cold as ice.

EDGEMAR
What's bullshit, Mr. Quaid?
(reasonable)
That you're having a paranoid episode triggered by acute neuro-chemical trauma?
(derisive)
Or that you're really an invincible secret agent from Mars who's the victim of an interplanetary conspiracy to make him think he's a lowly construction worker?

Quaid's certainty in undermined. Edgemar looks at him with great sympathy and kindness.

EDGEMAR (CONT'D)
Stop punishing yourself, Doug. You're a fine, upstanding man. You have a beautiful wife who loves you.

Lori beams at him with pure affection.

EDGEMAR (CONT'D)
Your whole life is ahead of you... But you've got to want to return to reality.

Quaid is half-convinced, but doesn't want to show it.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (5) 9

QUAID
Supposing I do...then what?

EDGEMAR
Swallow this.

Edgemar opens his hand, revealing a small pill.

QUAID
What is it?

EDGEMAR
It's a symbol. Of your desire to return to reality. --Inside your dream, you'll fall asleep.

Quaid picks up the pill and examines it.

QUAID
All right. Let's say you're telling the truth, and this is all a dream...

Realizing something, Quaid raises his gun to Edgemar's head.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Then I can pull this trigger, and it won't matter.

LORI
Doug, don't!

Edgemar remains preternaturally calm. His eyes and voice express his unselfish concern for Quaid.

EDGEMAR
It won't make the slightest difference to me, Doug, but the consequences to you would be devastating. In your mind, I'll be dead. And with no one to guide you out, you'll be stuck in permanent psychosis.

LORI
Doug, let Dr. Edgemar help you.

Finger on the trigger, Quaid is torn with doubt.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (6) 98

EDGEMAR
The walls of reality will come crashing down. One minute you'll be the savior of the rebel cause, then, next thing you know, you'll be Cohaagen's bosom buddy. You'll even have ridiculous fantasies about alien civilizations--as you requested. But in the end, back on Earth...You'll be lobotomized.

Quaid becomes totally demoralized.

EDGEMAR (CONT'D)
(firm)
So get a grip on yourself, Doug. And put down the gun.

Edgemar stares hard. Quaid hesitantly lowers the gun.

EDGEMAR (CONT'D)
Good... Now take the pill and put it in your mouth.

Quaid puts the pill in his mouth.

EDGEMAR (CONT'D)
And swallow.

Quaid hesitates. Edgemar and Lori watch with great anticipation.

LORI
Go ahead, sweetheart.

Quaid is wracked with indecision. Then he sees a single drop of sweat trickle down Edgemar's brow. Abruptly, he swings his gun at Edgemar and fires.

Edgemar's blood splatters in a dense circle on the wall.

BOOM! The blood stain EXPLODES, blasting Quaid backwards through the air. FOUR MARS AGENTS storm through the big hole in the wall and grab hold of Quaid, who is dazed.

While the agents try to handcuff him, Quaid elbows a jaw, dislocates a shoulder, shoves and kicks his way out of their grasp. He pulls clear of an agent who holds his foot.

Hands touching the floor for balance, he staggers toward the door, about to get away! He looks up! Lori blocks his path; her foot smashes his face.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (7) 98

The others grab Quaid and restrain him. Lori kicks him in the balls. He stops resisting.

LORI
That's for making me come to Mars. You know how much I hate this fucking planet.

As the agents hold Quaid's arms behind his back. Lori knees him in the face, once, twice, a third time, until he passes out. PSHT. Agents spray a sedative in his face.

Lori looks down triumphantly and speaks into a wireless MINI-VIDEOPHONE.

LORI (CONT'D)
I've got him.

99 INT. HILTON - LOUNGE - DAY (LATE) 99

At the other end of the line, Richter sits at a bar next to Helm. A panorama of Mars is visible behind them through the dome.

RICHTER
Bring him down.

LORI
(blows him a kiss)
Ciao.

End of call. Richter and Helm slide off their stools.

100 INT. HILTON - CORRIDOR/SERVICE ELEVATOR - 6TH FL. - DAY (LATE) 10

Lori presses the call button as four agents drag Quaid, semi-conscious, to the SERVICE ELEVATOR. They wait.

The doors slide open. Melina stands inside and professionally assassinates the four agents who have their hands full with Quaid.

Lori drops to the floor, swings her legs, and swipes Melina's feet out from under her. Her gun goes flying.

Lori grabs Melina's long hair and yanks back so hard she almost breaks her neck. She winds Melina's hair around her fist and smashes her head against the wall--Melina is jello.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

Quaid squirms groggily over a pile of corpses and wrests a gun from a dead hand.

Lori pulls a knife from an ankle sheath and prepares to plunge it into Melina's heart. Melina sees the blade poised above her.

PIYUNG! The knife flies from Lori's hand.

Quaid sprawls on the floor, hands cuffed in front of him. He holds a smoking pistol aimed at Lori.

LORI
Doug...you wouldn't hurt me, would you, honey?

She sees his expression.

LORI (CONT'D)
Sweetheart, be reasonable...We're married.

Lori stealthily reaches behind her back for a concealed gun.

QUAID
Consider this a divorce.

Quaid shoots Lori in the forehead, leaving a clean, small hole between her eyes. She slumps down the wall and topples into the elevator. A beat...

MELINA
That was your wife?

He nods blankly.

MELINA (CONT'D)
What a bitch.

The elevator doors close on Lori's head and bounce open.

101 INT. HILTON - LOBBY SIDE/SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY (LATE) 10

Richter and Helm wait impatiently for the service elevator to arrive. It's stuck on the sixth floor. They realize something is wrong, and they run back to the passenger elevator in the lobby.

102 INT. HILTON - CORRIDOR/SERVICE-PASSENGER ELEVATORS - DAY (LATE) 102

Melina hastily searches through the pockets of several dead agents.

QUAID
I thought you didn't like me.

MELINA
If Cohaagen wants you dead, you might be okay.

Melina finds the key and starts unlocking Quaid's handcuffs.

QUAID
So you dropped by to apologize?

MELINA
Kuato wants to see you. --Come on!

Off come the cuffs. She expertly cocks a pistol and throws it to Quaid. He catches it.

QUAID
Not bad for a hooker.

MELINA
That's my cover, asshole.

They run down the hall toward the passenger elevators. As they get near, the doors slide open. Richter and Helm are inside. There's a frozen moment of mutual surprise. Then Quaid and Melina detour down a hallway. Richter and Helm pursue them, shooting.

Richter sees Lori, dead on the floor. Stunned, he runs over to her. Helm keeps chasing after Quaid and Melina.

103 INT. HILTON - CORRIDOR/BALCONY/DOME - DAY (LATE) 10

Melina and Quaid arrive at the end of the hallway at a balcony which overlooks the lobby and atrium. The glass DOME stretches away at an incline, seemingly out of reach.

QUAID
Now what?

Helm is catching up.

MELINA
Jump!

Melina and Quaid climb on the railing and LEAP into the void.

104 INT. HILTON - DOME - DAY (LATE) 104

Quaid snags a tubular girder. Melina falls short! Falls! Grabs Quaid's leg! Almost pulls him off! His grip holds! She swings to a lower girder!

105 INT. HILTON - CORRIDOR/BALCONY/DOME - DAY (LATE) 105

Helm gets ready to shoot, but thinks better of firing toward the protective dome with the vacuum outside.

106 INT. HILTON - CORRIDOR/SERVICE-PASSENGER ELEVATOR - DAY (LATE) 106

Richter leans over Lori and strokes her dead face. Something catches his eye, and he looks up.

Through the glass-walled Passenger Elevator, he sees Quaid and Melina, silhouetted against the enormous solar panels. They crawl down the dome like flies on a window.

Richter's grief hardens to rage. He runs toward the elevator and shoots, shattering the glass of the elevator. He runs into the elevator and prepares to fire again, this time with a clear shot at his sitting ducks.

Just as Richter pulls the trigger, Helm runs into the elevator and slams down the gun.

HELM
You trying to kill us?!

Furious, Richter elbows Helm and tries to shoot again. Helm struggles fiercely with his much larger boss.

HELM (CONT'D)
You'll crack the fucking dome!

Richter comes to his senses and stops fighting. Helm pushes the button, and the elevator goes down.

107 INT. HILTON - DOME - DAY (LATE) 107

Quaid and Melina swing acrobatically down the metal matrix of the dome.

108 INT. HILTON - PASSENGER ELEVATOR - DAY (LATE) 108

The elevator slides down to the lobby, catching up with Quaid and Melina.

109 INT. HILTON - MEZZANINE - DAY (LATE) 109

Quaid and Melina swing from the dome onto the balustrade, then jump down onto the tables of the restaurant in the lobby.

110 INT. HILTON - LOUNGE - DAY (LATE) 11

As Quaid and Melina leap from table to table, Richter and Helm run out the back of the elevator and around to the front. Richter shoots through a crowd, hitting innocent tourists.

Quaid and Melina dash across the lobby into the pedestrian tunnel to the Transportation Hub.

111 INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - DAY (LATE) 11

Quaid and Melina sprint down the inclined walkway.

112 INT. TRANSPORTATION HUB - DAY (LATE) 11

Quaid and Melina run into the street. They look for a cab. Out of nowhere, a TAXI zips up behind them. A door wings up.

BENNY
Need a ride?

Quaid and Melina dive inside.

Richter and Helm charge into the Hub and shoot at Quaid and Melina.

113 EXT./INT. BENNY'S CAB/TRANSPORTATION HUB - DAY (LATE) 11

MELINA
The Last Resort! Quick!

BENNY
You guys in trouble or something?

Half of Benny's cab is blasted away.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Aw, shit! My cab ain't even paid for.

Benny peels into traffic. His little cab shows unexpected pep.

114 EXT./INT. TRANSPORTATION HUB - DAY (LATE) 11

Richter and Helm jump into their vehicle and take off in pursuit. Huhgry for revenge, Richter leans out the window and shoots.

Benny's Cab makes a spectacular spinning turn and fishtails into a narrow TUNNEL. Richter's car misses the turn and falls behind.

115 EXT./INT. TUNNEL - DAY (LATE) 11

Gun in hand, Quaid looks out the rear windshield of Benny's cab.

BENNY
What'a you got me into, man? I got six kids to feed!

Richter's car comes into view. The rear windshield is blasted away. Quaid shoots back. The cab approaches the end of the tunnel.

116 EXT./INT. MINING HUB - DAY (LATE) 11

Benny's cab jets out of the tunnel into a busy industrial plaza. He darts in front of a Mole and makes a signal to the driver.

Richter's car speeds out of the tunnel in pursuit. The driver of the Mole deliberately blocks his path.

Benny skids into the Venusville tunnel entrance.

117 EXT./INT. VENUSVILLE TUNNEL - DAY (LATE) 11

Quaid and Richter exchange gunfire. Benny's mirrors and roof are chipped away.

Quaid blows out one of Richter's tires. Falling behind, Richter takes careful aim.

Benny's front windshield shatters, spraying glass in Benny's face. His car barrels out of control as it exits the tunnel.

118 EXT./INT. VENUSVILLE PLAZA - DAY (LATE) 11

Benny's cab weaves through the crowded area, crashes into a PSYCHIC PARLOR, and comes to a stop. Quaid, Melina, and Benny scramble out of the taxi.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 11

Richter's car catches up. Helm and Richter spring out of the car, shooting.

Quaid, Melina, and Benny dodge in and out of pedestrians, porters, taxis, sidewalk cafes, racks of goods for sale, and handcarts.

Soldiers join the chase.

Quaid, Melina and Benny upset tables and a handcart of small beer kegs. While their pursuers overcome obstacles, they disappear around a corner.

119 EXT. LAST RESORT - DAY (LATE) 11

The Bartender holds open the door. Melina, Quaid, and Benny dash inside.

120 INT. LAST RESORT - DAY (LATE) 12

Tony and his cronies lift up their table. A piece of the floor comes up with the legs, revealing a secret ESCAPE HATCH.

Melina climbs inside and lowers herself on handholds. Quaid and Benny immediately follow her lead.

The miners replace the table over the hole and resume playing poker just as Richter, Helm and six Soldiers charge in, guns drawn.

They look around for the fugitives, but everything is suddenly calm and normal.

Richter grabs Mary and holds his gun to her head.

RICHTER
Where'd they go?

MARY
Who? I don't know wha...

BANG! Richter shoots Mary in the head and throws her body aside. He grabs Thumbelina and gets ready to shoot her.

RICHTER
Maybe <u>you</u> know.

Before she can respond, Tony tackles Richter and grabs his arm. All at once, everyone in the brothel attack the Soldiers with fists, knives, guns, bottles, and beer mugs.

121 INT. MINE TUNNELS - DAY (LATE) 12

Melina, Quaid, and Benny dash down a tunnel where several MINERS chip away at rock with DRILLHAMMERS.

122 INT. LAST RESORT - DAY (LATE) 12

Fighters on both sides die in the fierce battle. Helm is about to kill Tony when Thumbelina reaches up and guts him with a bowie knife from diaphragm to crotch.

The rebels get the upper hand. Richter dives through a window.

123 EXT. LAST RESORT - DAY (LATE) 12

A large number of soldiers assembled outside cover Richter's retreat with a rain of bullets.

Richter scuttles behind a barricade of cars and barrels. The Soldiers shoot it out with the rebels in the brothel. Richter supervises the set-up of a rocket launcher. A Soldier runs over to him and hands him a portable videophone.

SOLDIER
Cohaagen.

Richter prepares himself.

RICHTER
Sir...

COHAAGEN
Stop fighting and pull out.

RICHTER
(astounded)
They're protecting Quaid!

COHAAGEN
Perfect! Get out of Sector G. Now.
(before Richter can respond)
Don't think. Do it.

124 INT. LAST RESORT - DAY (LATE) 12

Tony, the Bartender, and others watch through a window as Richter and the Soldiers retreat in formation. They are relieved, surprised, curious, and suspicious, in equal parts.

125 INT. MINING HUB - DAY (LATE) 12

Melina, Quaid, and Benny arrive at the intersection of several tunnels, where a small crowd of miners has assembled. They work their way to the other side.

126 EXT. VENUSVILLE PLAZA - DAY (LATE) 12

Richter and the last soldiers finish backing into the TUNNELS that lead to town.

SQURRCHANG!!! SQURRCHANG!!! SQURRCHANG!!! Down come huge "fire doors" which seal off Venusville from the rest of the city.

127 INT. MINING HUB - DAY (LATE) 12

As Quaid, Melina and Benny arrive at the tunnels on the far side of the plaza....SQURRCHANG!! Down comes a fire door. They rush to the next one...SQURRCHANG!!! Too late. Now they really pour it on, and crouch, roll, and dive under the last door before...SQURRCHANG!! The whole area is sealed off.

128 EXT. VENUSVILLE PLAZA - DAY (LATE) 12

People come out of hiding and filter into the eerily deserted street. The Mutant Mother, her Child, and her NORMAL HUSBAND join the crowd. People speak in hushed tones.

A mechanical SHUDDER startles everyone, and the ambient noise level of the city grows MARKEDLY QUIETER.

The blur of motion OF THE GIANT FANS hardens into individual blades, which slow down, then come to a stop.

Silence. Dread.

Then the blades start to spin again--in the opposite direction. The fans are sucking air out of Venusville!

Dust and paper fly toward the fan.

Everyone is aghast.

129 INT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT 12

DARKNESS. A circle of light slides into frame, illuminating MUMMIFIED CORPSES that lie in niches in a tunnel wall.

MELINA (O.S.)
The first settlers are buried here.

130 INT. CATACOMBS - VARIOUS - NIGHT 130

Melina leads the way through a labyrinth of narrow corridors honeycombed with open tombs. Quaid and Benny gaze with fascination at the dried bodies.

BENNY
I heard about this place.

MELINA
They came to build a better life, but it didn't work out that way. Cohaagen skimped on the domes and turned us into freaks. He works us like slaves on our own planet, and he won't let us leave. He even makes us pay for the air we breathe.

BENNY
We're like his goddam pet goldfish.

MELINA
And nobody down there on Earth seems to give a damn.

Melina looks at Quaid significantly.

MELINA (CONT'D)
But maybe you can change all that.

QUAID
I'll do what I can.

Melina leads them into a narrower tunnel.

131 INT. CATACOMBS/SITUATION ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT 131

Quaid and Melina walk together. Benny lags behind.

MELINA
It's what you know. --Kuato's gonna make you remember a few things.

QUAID
Like what?

MELINA
All sorts of things...Maybe you'll remember that you love me.

From the back, Quaid sees her wipe away a tear.

QUAID
I don't need Kuato for that.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

Melina stops. Quaid touches shoulder. She turns to face him. They look into each other's eyes. They move closer for a kiss. But before their lips touch, the corpses around them start to move!

They freeze. Benny catches up with them. He also freezes when he sees the corpses coming to life.

A whole section of the catacombs slides away like a door. A MUTANT LIEUTENANT and SIX REBEL GUERRILLAS step forward with automatic rifles, ready and aimed. Melina reassures Quaid and Benny.

MELINA
It's okay. They're with us.

The Lieutenant points his rifle at Benny.

LIEUTENANT
Who's that?

MELINA
He helped us get away.

BENNY
Don't worry about me, man. I'm on your side.

Benny grabs his right arm and twists it off! Underneath his prosthetic limb is a DEFORMED NUB with a few vestigial fingers. The mutant Lieutenant and the others look with sympathy at Benny's handicap. Benny then stretches out his arm, and an ADDITIONAL FOREARM unhinges like a Pterodactyl wing.

Even the mutant Lieutenant is grossed out -- and convinced.

LIEUTENANT
Follow me.

The Lieutenant leads them through a narrow tunnel into the...

132 INT. SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT 13

A large force of armed Rebels has assembled in platoons. The mood is very dark. They stare at Quaid.

LIEUTENANT
(to Benny)
You wait here.
(to Quaid and Melina)
Come with me.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: 132

The Lieutenant escorts Quaid and Melina across the room to a table where the COMMANDING OFFICER and several other OFFICERS are gathered around a VIDEOPHONE.

The Commanding Officer is George! He communicates with Tony at the Last Resort. Tony breathes with difficulty, as do the customers, staff, and children in the background.

GEORGE
Then ram down the fire doors.

TONY
We can't. Cohaagen depressurized the tunnels. And they're rigged to blow up.

George looks over the monitor and sees that Quaid and Melina are being led over to him.

GEORGE
Okay, sit tight. Melina just got here with Quaid.

TONY
(gasps for a breath)
I hope he was worth it.

They exchange a solemn look, then George ends the call. He turns to Melina and manages a faint smile.

GEORGE
Glad you made it.

MELINA
You don't look so glad.

George gets up from his desk.

GEORGE
Cohaagen sealed off Venusville. He's pumping out the air.

Quaid and Melina are appalled.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You must know something pretty damn important, Quaid. He wants <u>you</u>.

Quaid and Melina look at each other, mortified.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
If we don't hand you over, everybody'll be dead by morning.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2) 132

MELINA
What are you gonna do?

GEORGE
That's up to Kuato.
(to Quaid)
C'mon.

George leads Quaid to a fortified door. The Lieutenant swings it open. Quaid looks back at Melina. She waves a small farewell, like in his recurring dream.

George leads Quaid through the door, and the Lieutenant immediately closes it behind them.

133 INT. KUATO'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 133

George and Quaid walk into a dark, domed chamber, empty except for a table and two chairs.

GEORGE
Sit down.

QUAID
Where's Kuato?

GEORGE
On his way.

Quaid sits.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You heard the rumors about alien artifacts?

QUAID
Yeah.

GEORGE
They're true. Cohaagen found something in the Pyramid Mine, and it's got him scared shitless.

QUAID
What was it?

GEORGE
You tell me.

QUAID
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: 13

GEORGE
Yes, you do. --Or Cohaagen wouldn't be so desperate.

George leans on the table and faces Quaid.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
A year ago, you fell for Melina and said you wanted to help us. So we said:
(skeptical)
"Great. You're on our side now? Tell us what's in the mine". --You went away to find out. And that was the last we heard of you.

George unbuttons his jacket and throws it on the back of his chair.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We figured you'd just been jerking us off. But apparently you scoped out Cohaagen's big secret.
(taps on his own head)
And it's somewhere in that black hole you call a brain.

George sits down across from Quaid.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Now don't get upset. Kuato's a mutant.

Quaid glances around and sees no one. George unbuttons his shirt, revealing...A SMALL SECOND HEAD GROWING FROM HIS CHEST!

Kuato's sleeping face is ancient yet infantile, and no bigger than a grapefruit. His eyes open. His toothless mouth speaks.

KUATO
Take my hands.

Kuato/George holds out his/their hands. Quaid reluctantly holds them.

GEORGE
I'll leave you two alone.

George closes his eyes and falls into a trance. Kuato stares hypnotically at Quaid. One of his eyes is abnormally large.

KUATO
What do you want, Mr. Quaid?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2) 13

QUAID
Same as you. To remember.

KUATO
But why?

QUAID
To be myself again.

KUATO
You are what you do.

Kuato stares at Quaid, making sure he understands.

KUATO (CONT'D)
A man is defined by his actions, not his memories.

Quaid can't help looking into Kuato's large eye. His gaze is caught and held.

KUATO (CONT'D)
Now open your mind to me. Please.
Open your mind...
(hypnotic)
Openyourmind... openyourmind... open your mind.

QUAID'S POV: ZOOMING into Kuato's large eye. Quaid is reflected in the pupil. ZOOMING in on Quaid's head, eye, pupil, darkness...

134 INT. REACTOR CAVERN (MIND PROBE) - VARIOUS TIMES 13

GLIDING between AVENUES OF SQUARE METAL TOWERS.

(NOTE: From here on, the sequence is a seamless P.O.V. journey through Quaid's mental landscape.)

135 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/ABYSS (MIND PROBE) - VARIOUS TIMES 13

FOOTSTEPS and CONVERSATIONS echo in the distance. LOOK DOWN and see PEOPLE walking far below on a FLIMSY BRIDGE that runs between the towers, over a dark, bottomless ABYSS.

136 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/GLACIER (MIND PROBE) - VARIOUS TIMES 136

CAMERA WHOOSHES DOWN the side of the tower, UNDER the tower, which hangs suspended over a GLACIER. The tower has no bottom casing. Inside, we see an orderly pattern of large metal rods. We hear vague conversation.

SCIENTIST A (O.S.)
But once it starts, that's it. We can't contain it.

SCIENTIST B (O.S.)
The chain reaction could spread to all the turbinium in the crust.

137 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/BRIDGE (MIND PROBE) - VARIOUS TIMES 13

WHOOSHING OVER AND UP to the bridge: Cohaagen, Richter, and TWO SCIENTISTS are walking toward a tower.

RICHTER
I say throw the switch and see what happens.

COHAAGEN
Don't be an idiot.

SCIENTIST B
We're talking meltdown here.

FOLLOW the group through a peeled-back section of the tower casing into the interior.

138 INT. REACTOR (MIND PROBE) - VARIOUS TIMES 13

INSIDE THE TOWER are the metal rods which we saw from below. Up close they are gigantic, like a forest of shiny Sequoias.

SCIENTIST A
Meltdown on a planetary scale.

RICHTER
Whoever built this thing, don't you think they thought of that?

COHAAGEN
Who knows what the hell they thought. They weren't human.

CAMERA veers away from the group on its own exploration of the structure. The voices become increasingly vague.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: 138

SCIENTIST A (O.S.)
Maybe it's a trap. Maybe they want meltdown.

COHAAGEN (O.S.)
Who knows if this piece o' junk even works. What is it, a million, half a million...?

SCIENTIST B
About a half a million.

COHAAGEN (O.S.)
Half a million years old.

139 INT. REACTOR (MIND PROBE) - VARIOUS TIMES 13

CAMERA tilts away from the group and looks toward the top of the tower, which rises seemingly forever.

The POV SOARS UP, up, up the side of the tower to a LEDGE at the very top. POV SWOOPS over the ledge into...

140 INT. REACTOR CORE/CONTROL ROOM (MIND PROBE) - VARIOUS TIMES 14

A CONTROL ROOM. Five identical PILLBOX structures are arranged in a circle like some alien Stonehenge. CAMERA approaches a ROUND STONE ALTAR in the center of the room.

KUATO (O.S.)
Closer...

Moving closer, hovering directly above the altar which has been sculpted with the IMPRINT OF A HAND.

KUATO (O.S.)
Closer...

TRACK TOWARD the pattern, as if drawn into it. The IMAGE starts to VIBRATE. LOW-PITCHED RUMBLING fills the soundtrack. The circle of the altar...

DISSOLVE TO:

141 INT. KUATO'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 14

We PULL BACK at great speed from the circle of Quaid's eye to find ourselves looking at Quaid, sitting across from Kuato. Quaid snaps out of his reverie just as Kuato/George snap out of theirs. But the VIBRATION and RUMBLING from the dream continue! Sand and gravel rain down from the ceiling. Hairline cracks spread through the cavern, then expand to substantial fissures.

GRGRGRRRRRRR! The tip of a drill penetrates a rock wall. The screw grows bigger and bigger until a huge mining mole crashes into the chamber.

Quaid and George/Kuato spring from the table and run for the door. George buttons his shirt over Kuato's head.

The mutant Lieutenant opens the fortified door, and Quaid and George run out of the chamber.

142 INT. SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT 14

CHAOS! Scores of Cohaagen's Soldiers are already in the sanctuary, out-gunning the Rebels. Three moles drill through stone walls: entrances for more soldiers. Freedom fighters retreat in all directions. Melina, Benny and the Lieutenant wait with George and Quaid.

LIEUTENANT
Where's Kuato?

BOOM! An enemy rocket blows everyone to the ground, killing the Lieutenant.

Quaid helps George to his feet. His bloody shirt has been ripped, exposing Kuato's head. Melina and Benny stare.

MELINA
George...

GEORGE
This way!

143 INT. CONNECTING CHAMBERS - NIGHT 14

George leads the way through a SERIES OF CHAMBERS. On the run, he, Quaid, and Melina shoot down enemy Soldiers who block their path.

Benny picks up a rifle from a dead rebel and tries to help out. BRT-RT-RT! He can't control the powerful weapon, which comically leads him in an Indian War Dance.

144 INT. CONNECTING CHAMBER/AIR LOCK - NIGHT 14

The group arrives at an AIR LOCK. It looks like they might actually get away. As Quaid guards the rear, Melina, Benny, and George squeeze inside. Quaid kills the last two soldiers and backs in, pulling the door shut.

145 INT. AIR LOCK - WITH VIEW OF MARTIAN LANDSCAPE - NIGHT 14

As Quaid bolts the outer door, he hears GUNSHOTS behind him, inside the airlock. He turns and sees George's body jerking to the staccato report of gunfire.

Benny is the villain, in full control of his rifle.

Quaid lunges for Benny, but before he can grab him, Benny takes Melina hostage, with his gun pointed at her head.

BENNY
Freeze!

Quaid and Melina can hardly believe their eyes. Benny breaks into a wide smile.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Congratulations, folks. You led us right to him.

Quaid and Melina are devastated. After a moment, Quaid kneels down to examine George/Kuato's lifeless form.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Forget it, bro. His fortune-telling days are over.

MELINA
Benny, you're a mutant.

BENNY
And I got five kids to feed.

QUAID
What happened to number six?

BENNY
(grins)
Shit, man. I ain't even married.
(suddenly fierce)
Now put your fucking hands on your head!

As Quaid complies with the order, Benny edges over and vigorously kicks open the bolt on the airlock door. He's not the geek he seemed to be.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

Kuato, barely alive, gags out a word.

KUATO
Quaid...

Quaid leans close.

BENNY
Back off!

Kuato grabs Quaid's collar and pulls him nearer.

KUATO
Start the reactor...Free Mars.

A burst of gunfire finishes off Kuato. Quaid spins around angrily and finds a rifle pointed directly in his face. Richter stands at the airlock door, holding the gun. He wants to pull the trigger real bad.

RICHTER
Make a move, please.

146 INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 146

A SHEET lies over a body.

COHAAGEN (O.S.)
So this is the great man.

A hand pulls back the sheet, revealing George/Kuato's dead body on a conference table.

Cohaagen grimaces as he looks at the mutant.

COHAAGEN
No wonder he kept out of sight.

Richter, Benny, and several Security Police stand guard over Quaid and Melina, who are securely shackled. Outside the picture windows, the city lights twinkle under a threatening violet sky. Various scenes of suffocation in Venusville play on a bank of TV MONITORS.

Cohaagen turns away and recovers his ebullient mood as he comes over to Quaid and claps him on the shoulder.

COHAAGEN
Well, my boy, you're a hero.

QUAID
Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

COHAAGEN
Don't be modest. Kuato's dead; the Resistance has been completely wiped out; and you were the key to the whole thing.

Melina's face hardens.

QUAID
He's lying.

She spits at Quaid. Cohaagen pulls out his handkerchief and daubs away the saliva.

COHAAGEN
(to Melina)
You can't blame him, angel. He's innocent. That's the beauty of it.

Cohaagen enjoys Melina's and Quaid's confusion.

COHAAGEN (CONT'D)
You see, Quaid, none of my people could get close to Kuato. The fucking mutants could always sniff us out. So Hauser and I sat down and invented <u>you</u>: the perfect mole.

QUAID
You're lying. Hauser turned against you.

COHAAGEN
That's what we wanted you to think. The fact is, Hauser <u>volunteered</u> to become Doug Quaid. It was the only way to fool the psychics.

QUAID
Get your story straight.
(points to Richter)
He's been shooting at me since I went to Rekall. --You don't shoot somebody you're trying to plant.

COHAAGEN
He wasn't in on it. <u>You</u> set him off by going to Rekall.

QUAID
Then why didn't he kill me?

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (2) 14

COHAAGEN
We gave you lots of help.
(gestures)
Benny here....

BENNY
My pleasure, man.

Benny holds up his artificial limb and reveals a blinking homing device.

COHAAGEN
The guy with the pawn ticket; the mask; the money; the message form Hauser...All of that was us.

QUAID
Sorry. Too perfect.

COHAAGEN
Perfect, my ass! --You pop your memory cap before we can activate you. Stevens gets wasted bailing you out. Then Richter goes hog wild, fucking up everything I spent a year planning. --Frankly, I'm amazed it worked.

Quaid shakes his head, as if impressed.

QUAID
Well, I have to hand it to you, Cohaagen...This is the best mindfuck yet.

COHAAGEN
Don't take my word for it, Quaid. Someone you trust wants to talk to you.

QUAID
Who is it this time--my mother?

Cohaagen turns on the HOLOVISION. HAUSER appears on the screen in the same clothes and setting as in the previous disk message.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (3) 146

HAUSER
Howdy, Quaid. If you're listening to this, that means Kuato's dead and you led us to him. I knew you wouldn't let me down.
(laughs)
Sorry for all the shit I put you through. But hey, what are friends for?

Quaid's last wall of resistance crumbles.

HAUSER (CONT'D)
I'd like to wish you happiness and long life, old pal, but unfortunately that's not gonna happen. You see, that's my body you've got there, and, well...I want it back.

Quaid is chilled.

HAUSER (CONT'D)
Sorry to be an Indian giver, but I was here first. --So, adios, amigo, and thanks for not getting yourself killed.

Cohaagen steps into frame behind Hauser and lays a hand on his shoulder. Together they smile and wave good-bye to Quaid.

HAUSER (CONT'D)
Maybe we'll meet in our dreams.

The videodisc message ends. Cohaagen beams, proud of himself. Quaid, in shock, looks at Melina.

147 INT. COHAAGEN'S IMPLANT LAB - NIGHT 14

Quaid and Melina are strapped into examination chairs in the industrial-scale implant lab that makes Rekall seem amateurish.

Cohaagen and Richter watch with glee as a DOCTOR and SIX ASSISTANTS prepare for the re-programming operation. Melina already has an IV drip in the back of her hand. Quaid bucks and struggles as a technician inserts the needle in his hand.

COHAAGEN
Relax, Quaid. You'll like being Hauser.

QUAID
The guy's a fucking asshole.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: 147

COHAAGEN
True...But he's got a big house and a Mercedes. And you like Melina, right?
(leans close)
Well, you'll get to fuck her every night.--That's right. She's gonna be Hauser's babe.

MELINA
I'll bust his balls.

COHAAGEN
Unh-un, princess. We're having you fixed. You'll be respectful and compliant and appreciative, just the way Hauser likes 'em.

QUAID
Bastard!

Quaid struggles angrily against his shackles. A call comes in on the VIDEOPHONE.

ASSISTANT
Mr. Cohaagen, for you.

Cohaagen turns impatiently to the videophone screen, where a nervous TECHNICIAN stands at the AIR PUMPING STATION in front of a wall of dials and gauges.

COHAAGEN
What is it?

TECHNICIAN
Sir, the oxygen level is bottoming out in Sector G. What do you want me to do?

COHAAGEN
(as if obvious)
Don't do anything.

TECHNICIAN
They won't last an hour, sir.

Cohaagen presses a button on the videophone and switches TCHK - TCHK - TCHK to THREE QUICK VIEWS of people suffocating in Venusville. TCHK. He switches back to the phone call.

COHAAGEN
Then it'll all be over soon.

TCHK. He hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (2) 147

QUAID
Don't be a shithead, Cohaagen! Give the people air.

COHAAGEN
My friend, in five minutes, you won't give a fuck about the people.
(to Doctor)
Doc, fire it up.

The Doctor turns on the machine, which starts to WHINE. Cohaagen heads for the door and signals to Richter.

Richter hangs back as the Doctor starts to lower the helmet over Quaid's head.

RICHTER
Excuse me, Doc, but...will he remember any of this?

DOCTOR
Not a thing.

RICHTER
I see.

Richter thinks for a moment...then WHAM! He slugs Quaid square in the face.

Cohaagen turns around at the door and sees the two men staring hatefully at each other.

COHAAGEN
By the way, Quaid, I'm having a little get-together at the house tomorrow night. Why don't you and Melina drop by, say around nine-ish.
(to Doctor)
Doc, you'll remind him afterwards?

Pre-occupied with his work, the Doctor answers absently.

DOCTOR
Yes, sir.

RICHTER
Bye-bye, Quaid. See you at the party.

Cohaagen and Richter leave the lab, mightily amused.

An Assistant lowers the helmet over Quaid's head. The WHINING noise now becomes truly terrifying. Quaid and Melina concentrate to fight the effects of the re-programming.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (3) 147

DOCTOR
Keep still. Fighting just makes it hurt.

Quaid bucks against the HELMET AND FOUR SETS OF METAL BRACKETS which bind his arms and legs (FIVE HANDICAPS).

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
If you don't keep still, you'll end up schizophrenic.

Quaid thrashes about in his chair. The screws holding the chair together start to loosen.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(irritated)
Turn up the sedative.

In adrenaline overdrive, Quaid rips the right armrest from the chair. It hangs from his forearm like an unwieldy splint. (One of five handicaps is gone.)

The Doctor rushes over. Quaid swings the armrest and drives a long exposed bolt through the Doctor's throat.

Assistant 1 grabs Quaid's forearm. Quaid curls him into a one-armed hug and snaps his neck.

Quaid lifts the helmet from his head. (Two of five handicaps are gone.) Assistant 2, behind him, grabs his wrist. Quaid grips #2's hair and pulls him forward, over his shoulder. #2's head lands between Quaid's knees. Quaid cracks his skull like a walnut.

Quaid reaches over and releases the bracket over his left wrist. (Three handicaps down; two remain) But Assistants 3-5 converge on him, holding down his arms.

Quaid sees that Melina is still fighting her brainwashing.

QUAID
Hold on!

Assistant 6 charges with a long metal pole. Quaid pulls #5 in front of him, like a shield. #5 is skewered.

Quaid flings #5 aside, reaches down, unshackles one ankle, and immediately kicks #3 in the balls.

Quaid stands up with only one leg still shackled.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (4) 14

#6 and #4 bait Quaid like a bear, using the pole and a ireax. Quaid grabs the pole from #6 and uses it to block the ax. He then bends to unfasten the last ankle bracket. The fireax comes arching down at him.

Quaid leaps clear just as the fireax lodges in the chair.

Now free and unhandicapped, Quaid faces #6. He sidesteps a thrust, grabs the pole, and thrusts it into #6's head. It goes in one temple and out the other.

Immediately, Quaid pulls off Melina's helmet.

Number 4 (the ax man) activates an ALARM and makes a run for the door. Quaid swings the pole, tripping 4 so that he lands directly on his nose.

As ALARMS SCREAM, Quaid begins releasing Melina from her many shackles.

QUAID
Are you all right? Are you still you?

MELINA
I'm not sure dear. What do you think?

Quaid is aghast.

MELINA (CONT'D)
Let's get the hell out of here!

Relieved, Quaid flips the last buckle. Melina steps out of her chair, grabs the ax embedded in Quaid's chair, and runs for the door.

148 INT. CORRIDOR - LAB TO ELEVATOR - NIGHT 14

ALARMS blare. TWO SOLDIERS round a corner. Melina swings her ax. Quaid swings his pole. Two dead soldiers double over.

Quaid and Melina grab their rifles, run to the elevator landing, and press the call button.

DING. Going up. The elevator doors open, revealing TWELVE SOLDIERS. Quaid hoses them down. When the last soldier falls, the elevator doors close, as if on cue.

The other elevator arrives. Ding!...going down. It's empty. They run in.

149 INT. COHAAGEN'S OFFICE - PRE-DAWN 149

Back to camera, Cohaagen stands in front of a wall of glass and stares out at the city and landscape, bathed in dark purple light. The horizon is pink, signaling the approach of dawn. The ALARMS WAIL in the background, muffled but insistent.

RICHTER (O.S.)
Well, sir?

Cohaagen thinks for a moment, then answers flatly without turning around.

COHAAGEN
Kill him.

RICHTER
Yes, sir. Right away.

Richter dashes out of the room.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
It's about fucking time.

Cohaagen looks at his pet goldfish swimming harmlessly in its bowl. He peevishly sweeps the bowl off its stand. It falls to the floor and smashes to bits. The goldfish flounders desperately, unable to breathe.

150 INT. MINE TUNNEL/ELEVATOR LANDING - PRE-DAWN 15

The elevator doors open. Quaid and Melina run out in opposite directions.

MELINA
Where are you going?!

QUAID
The reactor.

Quaid grabs her hand and pulls her after him.

MELINA
What reactor?!

QUAID
The one in the mine!

She tries to pull him to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

MELINA
People are dying, Quaid!! Stop!!
(digs in)
We've got to find air!!

Quaid snaps her to him and grips her shoulders.

QUAID
The reactor makes air! That's what it does!
(calmer)
That's Cohaagen's big secret!

Quaid lets go of Melina.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Now come on.

They start running. Melina is still perplexed.

MELINA
Where's this "reactor" come from?

QUAID
Aliens built it.

MELINA
Aliens?!

QUAID
To make an atmosphere.

Quaid turns down an intersecting tunnel. Melina hesitates, but follows.

151 INT. INTERSECTING TUNNEL/DEAD END - PRE-DAWN 15

MELINA
You sure about this?

QUAID
It's just up ahead.

A few paces on, the tunnel abruptly comes to a DEAD END. Quaid is dumbfounded.

VROARRR! They're bathed in the bright light of a Mole, which rumbles past the intersecting tunnel, blocking any possibility of escape. The mechanical dinosaur completely fills the small tube. Its 7-foot/diameter CENTRAL DRILL spins at full speed.

151A INT. CABIN OF MOLE - PRE-DAWN 151A

Benny gleefully directs the mole from a cabin at the rear. He steers with the aid of several video monitors.

BENNY
(into microphone)
Hey, Quaid!

Benny guns the central drill: VROOM! VROOOOOM!! (INTERCUT VIDEO MONITOR - BENNY IN CABIN/TUNNEL)

Quaid and Melina back up to the wall.

BENNY
(amplified)
Screw you!

About to be mole-ested, Quaid and Melina dive to opposite sides of the rotor! GRGRGRGRR -- the tip of the central drill chews into the stone wall. Melina is trapped in a tiny alcove. Quaid is penned into a slightly larger recess.

Quaid sees a DRILLHAMMER lying on the ground. He grabs it, starts it, and drills into the central rotor.

Benny directs a SIDE DRILL so that it closes in on Quaid.

Quaid's arms and shoulders are lacerated on both sides by the drills. Melina is about to be sliced and diced by the world's largest Cuisinart. In a final daring thrust, Quaid drives the drillhammer into a cable.

SPLURG! Black hydraulic fluid gushes all over Quaid, and the central drill grinds to a halt.

Benny throws a fit and jams the Mole into reverse.

BENNY
Goddam sonovabitch fuckin' piece of Martian junk!

The Mole backs up, leaving a large cone-shaped indentation in the solid stone wall. Quaid sees that the tip of the cone is a HOLE.

Benny guns the Mole forward, preparing to ram his enemies into mush.

Quaid pushes Melina through the hole at the tip of the cone and climbs through after her.

152 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/ABYSS - PRE-DAWN 15

Quaid and Melina jump to the side of the hole and land on a ledge. The Mole crashes through the wall and surges past them.

The Mole's momentum is about to carry it over the end of a short ledge into a dark CHASM.

152A INT. CABIN OF MOLE - PRE-DAWN 152

Benny slams on the brakes.

(INTERCUT CABIN OF MOLE/LEDGE) LEDGE AT OTHER SIDE OF HOLE. The Mole sliiiiiiidessss toward the edge, to the edge, over the edge! And comes to a halt, teetering half on, half off.

Benny looks with panic out the side window at Quaid, who heaves and lifts the rear of the delicately balanced vehicle. It slides farther over the edge and tips down.

Benny battles desperately to open the cabin door, but Quaid holds it shut. He looks through the cabin window at Benny's panic-stricken face.

QUAID
Drop dead.

Quaid adds the last decisive shove, and the Mole topples over the precipice.

153 INT. CABIN OF MOLE - PRE-DAWN 15

Benny tumbles around the cabin like a shirt in the dryer.

154 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/ABYSS - PRE-DAWN 15

Quaid and Melina stand on the ledge and wait for the satisfying sound of the Mole hitting the bottom.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE MOLE illuminates the ALIEN REACTOR in the center of the VAST CAVERN. It is a titanic construction of four vertical systems arranged in a ring, extending up and down as far as the eye can see. In design, it is subtly sinister and non-human. Parts of it are familiar from Kuato's mind-probe of Quaid.

Directly above them, about twenty feet, the lightweight FOOTBRIDGE of human design runs from the cave wall over the abyss to the core of the reactor.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 15

QUAID
Up here. We got off on the wrong floor.

155 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN 15

Quaid and Melina start climbing up the footings of the bridge.

QUAID
The whole thing is a nuclear reactor. The rods melt the ice, then radiation splits the water. Oxygen goes up, gets trapped by gravity.

156 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN 15

Quaid climbs onto the bridge and helps Melina up.

MELINA
And there's air to breathe.

They look, agape, at the awesome structure which towers above them at the end of the footbridge.

QUAID
If we get there in time.

157 EXT. VENUSVILLE - DAWN 15

Pan down from the PINK SKY as seen through the dome, to the deserted streets of Venusville, to the Giant Fans, now still. They swing a few degrees to one side, then sag back to the other.

158 INT. LAST RESORT - DAWN 15

Tony, the Bartender, Thumbelina and others lie prostrate on the floor and on beds, gasping for breath. They take turns breathing the dregs of a small canister of air.

159 INT VENUSVILLE HOUSE - DAWN 15

The Mutant Mother and Girl lie with their father on a bed -- waiting for the end.

161 INT REACTOR CAVERN/BRIDGE TO TOWER - DAY 161

...another walkway which is bordered by an avenue of spectacular floating towers.

SWISH PAN to a VIDEO SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, mounted on a tower.

162 INT. REACTOR - DAY 162

ON A VIDEO MONITOR (LIVE FEED), Quaid and Melina run over the bridge, toward CAMERA.

Richter watches the monitor and gives a "get ready" signal to THIRTY SOLDIERS who lie in wait to ambush Quaid and Melina as soon as they come inside.

The soldiers spread out among the huge metal Sequoias that extend down through the floor like pegs through a pegboard.

163 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/BRIDGE TO TOWER - DAY 163

Quaid and Melina approach the opening in the tower as seen in Quaid's mind probe. Quaid signals Melina to stay back. He steps forward.

164 INT. REACTOR - DAY 164

Richter's people stare at the opening, waiting for Quaid to enter. He steps into view.

BRRTDBTRBDRTRTDBRTDBDRDBTTDRDBD! Richter and his men open fire. Quaid collapses. They step forward in a tightening circle, emptying thousands of rounds into his body.

When they are almost upon him, Quaid miraculously shoots back at them!?! They drop like flies, shot in the back!?!

Amazed, the survivors keep shooting at Quaid, but the bullets have no effect. Quaid gets to his feet and keeps firing on the run. More and more soldiers die.

RICHTER
Cease fire! Cease fire!!

The ten surviving soldiers stop shooting and hide behind different columns. Twenty of the comrades are dead by the time Quaid disappears into the "forest".

165 INT. REACTOR - DAY 16

Two Quaids step into frame and crouch behind different columns. Melina joins one of the Quaids. The Quaids make an adjustment on their hologram/wrist watches.

Quaid and his holographic double take a walk. The hologram draws five Soldiers out of hiding. The hologram shoots in the wrong direction, but three Soldiers are picked off with precision.

Quaid and Melina shoot the last two soldiers in the group, then scuttle toward the elevator. Quaid throws her the holo-watch.

166 INT. REACTOR - NEAR ELEVATOR - DAY 16

A SOLDIER HERE and a SOLDIER THERE see her walking. They both open fire. The bullets pass through "Melina", and they shoot each other.

167 INT. REACTOR - NEAR ELEVATOR - DAY 16

MEANWHILE, THREE SOLDIERS sneak up on Quaid. They've got him dead to rights. Quaid looks not <u>at</u> them, but to the side.

QUAID
You think that's the real me, don't you?

The Soldiers glance around for the <u>real</u> Quaid. Then the apparent hologram guns them down.

QUAID (CONT'D)
It is.

Melina meets up with Quaid and gives him back the watch.

MELINA
Nice toy.

QUAID
A gift from my pal, Hauser.

Now alone, Richter breaks cover and makes a beeline through the columns. Quaid chases after him.

168 INT. REACTOR CORE - DAY 16

Richter runs through a doorway cut in another thick metal wall and emerges in a ring-shaped space between two concentric cylinders. He sprints onto an open FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 168

Quaid dashes into the core. Richter shoots at him from the rising elevator.

Quaid leaps and grabs a loop of cable under the lift.

Melina runs over too late and watches the elevator ascend at incredible speed with Quaid hanging below.

MELINA
Quaid!

169 INT. REACTOR CORE/ELEVATOR - DAY 169

Richter shoots through the floor at Quaid, blasting ragged craters in the metal platform.

170 INT. REACTOR CORE/UNDER THE ELEVATOR - DAY 170

Quaid monkeys to the side, reaches up, and grips the edge of the elevator floor.

171 INT. REACTOR CORE/ELEVATOR - DAY 171

Richter sees Quaid's fingers and bashes them with the butt of his rifle. CLANG! The fingers aren't real!

Richter looks behind him. The real Quaid has pulled himself inside. Before Richter can shoot, Quaid bowls him down.

They wrestle savagely on the floor, trying to force each other over the side. Richter lodges his foot in a hole in the floor and shoves Quaid's head over the edge.

Quaid looks up. YAAA! An approaching metal platform is about to decapitate him!

He summons all his strength and throws Richter and himself back into the elevator without a second to spare. As the platform sweeps past, it cuts Richter's rifle in half. Nasty.

The adversaries exchange blows. Richter knocks Quaid down, then rushes at him. Quaid flips Richter over the side!

But Richter grabs Quaid's wrists and drags Quaid with him.

Quaid's foot catches a crater in the floor and halts their mutual slide to death. He hangs over the side, bent at the waist, supporting Richter who dangles from his wrists.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 17

Quaid struggles to pull himself back inside, but Richter bounces up and down, pulling Quaid further out.

RICHTER
You're goin' with me!

Another metal platform gets rapidly closer.

Richter pulls at Quaid. Quaid slips. He gropes for another foothold. The platform is about to cut him in half.

Quaid's searching foot finds a hole. He pulls back...

The metal platform sweeps by.

AGAAGHGGHGGHAA! A cry of pain.

The elevator comes to a halt. CHUNGGG!

Quaid lies on the floor, intact. Still gripping his wrists...are Richter's severed hands.

172 INT. REACTOR CORE/UNDER THE ELEVATOR - DAY 17

Richter hangs upside down by his feet to a cable. His handless arms futilely reach out.

Quaid looks over the side.

QUAID
See you at the party.

Richter falls to his death, SCREEEEEEEEAMMMmmiinnnggg...

173 INT. REACTOR CORE/CONTROL ROOM - DAY 17

Quaid walks out of the elevator onto a platform and finds himself in the CONTROL ROOM from Kuato's mind probe. The elevator closes behind him and descends.

Quaid walks toward the round altar in the center of the room. At the center of the altar is the emblem of an open hand. Quaid reaches out for the mythic symbol.

A shadow slides across the floor and covers the emblem. Quaid looks up and sees Cohaagen step into the light, holding a gun.

COHAAGEN
Sorry, Doug. I can't let you do that.

Cohaagen signals Quaid away from the altar. He backs off.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: 173

COHAAGEN (CONT'D)
Once the reaction starts, it'd spread to all the turbinium in the planet. Mars would go into global meltdown. --That's why the builders never turned it on.

QUAID
Do you really expect me to believe you?

COHAAGEN
Who gives a shit what you believe? In thirty seconds, you'll be dead. Then I'll blow this place up and be home in time for corn flakes.

Quaid makes a sudden move toward the emblem. BANG! Cohaagen fires a shot, and Quaid freezes.

COHAAGEN
I didn't want it to end this way. I wanted Hauser back. But nooo. You had to be Quaid.

QUAID
I am Quaid.

COHAAGEN
You're nothing! You're nobody! You're a stupid program walking around on two feet! Everything about you, I invented: your dreams, your memories, your pathetic ambitions.
(mocking)
"You coulda been somebody". You coulda been real. But instead, you chose to be a dream.

Cohaagen steps closer and raises his gun.

COHAAGEN (CONT'D)
And all dreams come to an end.

CLOSE ON: A GUN. The trigger is squeezed. The sound of GUNSHOT!

Cohaagen is blown backwards, hit in the shoulder and arm.

Melina stands by the elevator, blasting away.

Quaid kicks the gun out of Cohaagen's hand.

Cohaagen lunges toward something.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (2) 17

QUICK PAN from Cohaagen to his goal: A DETONATOR a few feet away. A wire runs from it. QUICK PAN along the wire to an EXPLOSIVE CHARGE placed at the base of the altar.

Quaid dives for the charge, grabs it, throws it!

Cohaagen sets off the detonator.

174 INT. REACTOR CORE/CAVERN - DAY 17

THE CHARGE sails up toward the domed ceiling of the chamber and EXPLODES!!! RED LIGHT beams through a hole blown in the roof.

175 INT. REACTOR CORE/CONTROL ROOM/CAVERN - DAY 17

INSTANT TORNADO. Cohaagen is sucked toward the hole, but gets a grip on the altar. Melina grabs a piece of the elevator scaffold.

Sucked through the air toward the hole, Quaid desperately snatches a length of detonator cable. HWANG! His flight jerks to a stop.

Anchored against the storm, Quaid crawls DOWN THE CABLE against the powerful current to the altar. The wind ROARS.

COHAAGEN
(screams to be heard)
Don't do it! You'll kill everybody!

Quaid is almost at the emblem. He reaches out. Clinging to the altar, Cohaagen kicks at Quaid, while still arguing with passionate intensity.

COHAAGEN (CONT'D)
Every man! Every woman! Every child!

Cohaagen furiously bashes Quaid's hand with his heel, breaking fingers, drawing blood.

COHAAGEN (CONT'D)
They'll die, Quaid! They'll die!

QUAID
Bullshit.

Quaid places his right palm against the hieroglyphic hand.

An awesome low-pitched RUMBLE shakes the control room.

176 INT. REACTOR/BOTTOM OF TOWER - DAY 176

Dozens of gleaming turbinium columns drop from their sheaths.

177 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/GLACIER - DAY 177

Richter's splattered, handless body lies on the ice. Rods descend into the "pegholes" all around him.

178 INT. REACTOR CORE/CONTROL ROOM - DAY 178

The room shakes like an earthquake.

COHAAGEN
Feel good, Quaid? Everybody's gonna die.

QUAID
You first.

Quaid grabs Cohaagen's foot and yanks him off the altar. Cohaagen goes flying toward the air lock--and out through it.

179 EXT. PYRAMID MOUNTAIN - DAY 179

Cohaagen rockets out of the hole in the side of the mountain. The "tornado" dissipates in the vacuum, and he drops onto the sandy slope.

HHHHHNhh! His breath is sucked from his lungs. His tongue sticks rigidly from his mouth. His face puffs up.

180 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/GLACIER - DAY 180

The rods glow red, and ice melts around them. Chunks of ice and debris are sucked up in the vacuum.

181 INT. REACTOR CORE/CONTROL ROOM - DAY 181

Melina is sucked closer and closer to the hole. Quaid slides down the rope toward her.

All the junk in the abyss is regurgitated. Sand. Ice. Rocks. Rifles. Pieces of a mole. Soldier's bodies.

182 EXT. PYRAMID MOUNTAIN - DAY 182

Cohaagen's eyeballs rupture and his brain sprouts through his ears.

183 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/GLACIER - DAY 183

The whole melting glacier glows red from the incandescence of the rods. Water boils around the rods, releasing a STORM OF STEAM. Richter's body bobs on an ice floe.

184 INT. REACTOR CORE/CONTROL ROOM - DAY 184

The room is now filled with a tornado of STEAM.

185 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/GLACIER - DAY 185

More shit is disgorged. Benny. Richter.

186 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/CONTROL ROOM/AIR SHAFT - DAY 186

Melina is pulled almost out the hole.

Quaid holds the rope with one hand and stretches out the other to Melina. She grabs his hand, and Quaid's one-handed grip keeps both of them from being sucked out.

187 INT. REACTOR CAVERN/GLACIER - DAY 187

The glacier is now a roiling lake-sized Jacuzzi. It glows BLUE. Steam erupts from the surface like an inverted waterfall.

188 INT. REACTOR CORE/CONTROL ROOM/AIR SHAFT - DAY 188

The waterfall of steam flows UP around Quaid and Melina. Quaid focuses all his strength on holding on.

SNAP! The rope breaks. And WHHT! They're gone.

189 EXT. PYRAMID MOUNTAIN - DAY 189

Quaid and Melina drop to the side of the volcano, a few yards from Cohaagen.

HHhhhhhhhhn. The air is drawn out of their lungs, and they gasp for breath.

190 INT. REACTOR CORE/CONTROL ROOM - DAY 190

Steam builds up under enormous pressure. Walls start to crack.

191 EXT. PYRAMID MOUNTAIN - DAY 19

BOOMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!! The top of the mountain blows off under the enormous pressure of the steam.

192 INT. HILTON HOTEL - DAY 19

The dome shatters and crashes down. The people collapse in the agony of instant depressurization.

193 INT. MINING HUB - DAY 19

The dome shatters and crashes down. The people collapse in the agony of instant depressurization.

194 EXT. VENUSVILLE PLAZA - DAY 19

The dome shatters and crashes down. The people collapse in the agony of instant depressurization.

195 INT. LAST RESORT - DAY 19

Moments from death, our rebels hear the explosion, and feel the effects of depressurization.

196 EXT. MARS LANDSCAPE/PYRAMID MOUNTAIN - DAY 19

PANORAMA. A mammoth geyser of steam and gas sprays out of the pinnacle of the Pyramid Mine like a white volcano. The spray forms a WHITE CLOUD directly over the mountain.

197 EXT. PYRAMID MOUNTAIN - DAY 19

Quaid's and Melina's eyes bulge. Blood flows from all orifices and mucous membranes. They reach out for each other.

They find each other's hands and hold tight, preparing to die together. They look up and see a vision of heaven.

The sky is blue. The white cloud engulfs them.

They can breathe!

198 INT. LAST RESORT - DAY 19

Gasping their last breath, the rebels find air! They can breathe!

199 INT. HILTON HOTEL - DAY 19

Everybody can breathe!

200 INT. MINING HUB - DAY 20

Everybody can breathe!

201 EXT. VENUSVILLE PLAZA - DAY 20

Everybody can breathe!

202 EXT. MARS LANDSCAPE/PYRAMID MOUNTAIN - DAY 20

PANORAMA. The cloud expands in all directions. Blue sky drives out the red.

203 EXT. PYRAMID MOUNTAIN - DAY 20

Quaid and Melina stand on the side of the mountain and hold each other. They see the cloud spread over the city, and they behold what they have wrought.

204 INT. HILTON HOTEL - DAY 20

People stand and look through the shattered dome framework at the new blue sky.

205 INT. MINING HUB - DAY 20

They stand more solidly, more proudly, as if staking claim to the land.

206 EXT. VENUSVILLE PLAZA - DAY 20

A few people tentatively step outside onto the red soil. More and more people follow.

207 EXT. MARS LANDSCAPE - DAY 20

VARIOUS SHOTS of blue sky over Mars.

208 EXT. PYRAMID MINE - DAY 20

Quaid and Melina walk hand in hand down the slope. Behind them, we see the canyon and the blue sky.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: 208

MELINA
Well, Mr. Quaid, I hope you've enjoyed your trip to our lovely planet.

QUAID
It's been very relaxing.

MELINA
Come on. Didn't you see the sights, kill the bad guys, and save the planet?...You even got the girl of your dreams.

Quaid stops. His smile dissolves into dread.

MELINA (CONT'D)
What's wrong? Did I say something?

QUAID
I just had a terrible thought...What if this is just a dream?

Melina looks up at him, wanton and demure.

MELINA
Then kiss me quick...before you wake up.

Quaid takes Melina in his arms. Their faces come close. Their mouths come closer. And when their lips touch...

CUT TO BLACK

THE END